Leatherneck

SEPT. 1954 MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES 25c

PENDLETON ROUNDUP

★

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ARGENTIA
Newfoundland

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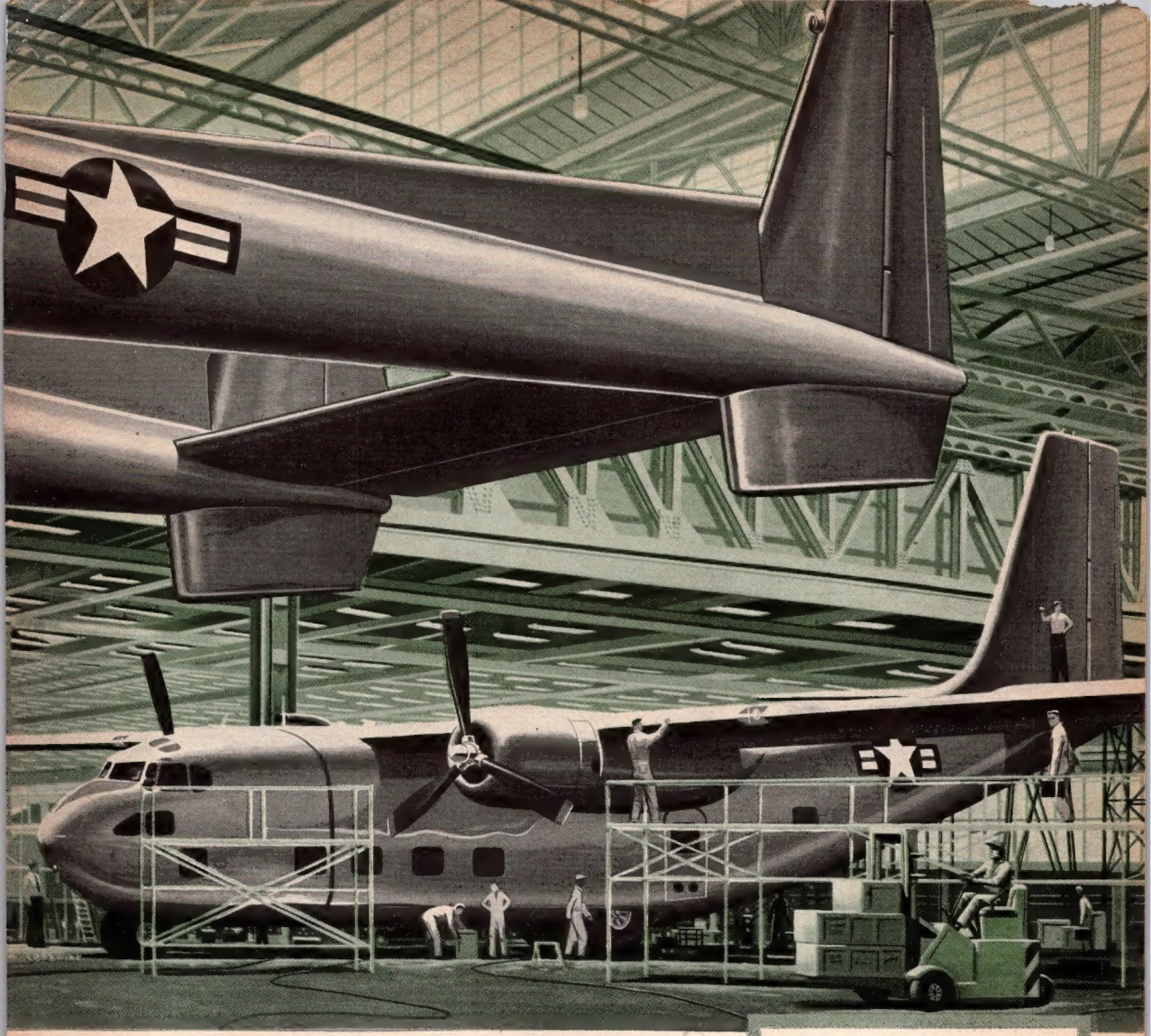

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Only Fairchild know-how could have accomplished the swift, sure integration of C-123 production into the C-119 assembly pattern . . . without missing a beat!

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Guided Missiles Division, Wyandanch, N.Y.

Stratos Division, Bay Shore, N.Y.

Speed Control Division, Wickliffe, Ohio

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DMZ MARINES . . . Men of the First Provisional Demilitarized Zone Police Company maintain a thorough vigil for truce violations on the Southern side of the Peace Line.

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

It's no secret that the ocean is a great big lonely place where a whale might swim hundreds of miles without seeing another whale, consequently, according to Leatherneck Art Director Norval Packwood who painted the cover, a lovesick whale, particularly a nearsighted one, might easily make the mistake depicted.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least FIVE WEEKS before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address LEATHERNECK Magazine P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Send **OLD** address with new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you forward extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Posed by Miss Barbra Loden, young TV actress

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smoke **Old Golds**

Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

VET STATUS

Dear Sir:

I have been planning to write you for some information for several months. I served in the Marine Corps for two months and 21 days. Am I considered a veteran? Please let me know for some people say that I am not a veteran.

Willie Marks Bennett

Bracey, Va.

● *You did not furnish us with enough information to answer your question in the affirmative. As a rule, 90 days of honorable military service during the periods between September 16, 1940, and July 25, 1947, or 90 days honorable military service since June 24, 1950, will qualify you as a veteran. However, if you were discharged from the military service because of a service-connected disability you may qualify with less than 90 days.*

For further information concerning your veteran status, we suggest that you contact your nearest VA Regional Office.—Ed.

OFFICER RETIREMENT

Dear Sir:

Since SECNAV INSTRUCTIONS has come out concerning voluntary retirement of officers on 20 and 30 years, a question has come up as to whether regular Army time counts on the 20-year retirement.

I have checked most of the references and can't find that it counts on 20.

Could you furnish this information? Also, what reference?

Capt. J. D. Grounds
BOQ Office,
Naval Amphibious Base,
Coronado, San Diego, Calif.

● *Regular Army time does not count on 20 year retirement, Captain Grounds. Paragraph 10055.2, Marine Corps Manual states: "When an officer of the Marine Corps has completed more than 20 years' active service in the Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard, or reserve components thereof, 10 years*

of which must have been active commissioned service, he, at his own request, in the discretion of the President, may be transferred to the retired list."—Ed.

LONG DISPUTE

Dear Sir:

Your magazine, the *Leatherneck*, has been referred to me as a reliable source which can end a long dispute between two ex-servicemen. If it is at all possible for you to supply us with the information which we seek, we will be deeply grateful to you. We have referred to one or two Marine publications, but their texts deal mainly with entire groups or wings and not detachments. The question we wish an answer to is this:

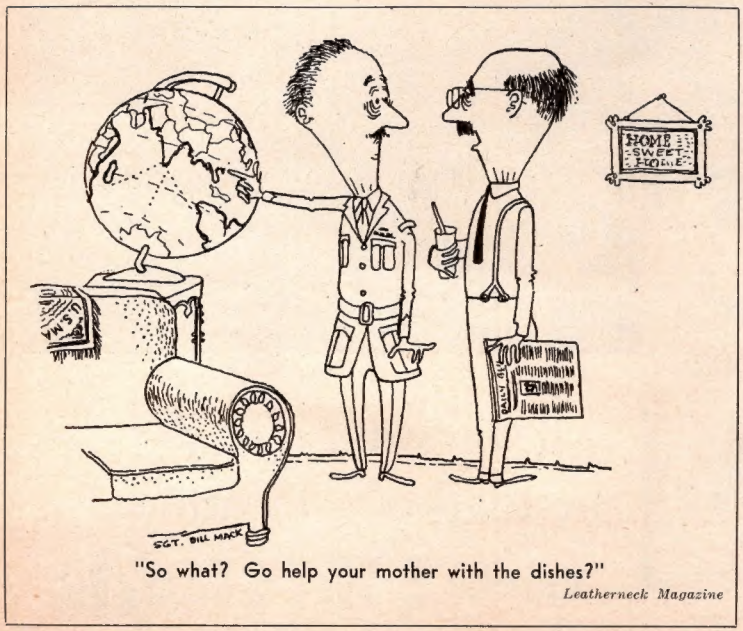
During the period 1942 and 1946, did members of the Marine Air Corps, as a unit or detachment, ever fly P-51 (Mustangs) based in Burma?

Carl E. Di Lorenzo
115 Harris Street,
Glastonbury, Conn.

● *We are unable to locate any records which would indicate that Marine aviators served in Burma from 1942 to 1946.*

There were six flyers, who served with the American Volunteer Group (Flying Tigers) in the Burma area in 1941-1942, and are associated with the Marine Corps by virtue of service with the Corps both before and after

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)



"So what? Go help your mother with the dishes?"

Leatherneck Magazine

COMMENDS WO STOLLEY

Dear Sir:

I, for one, highly commend Warrant Officer Fred Stolley on his wonderful story, "Fireworks at Motoyama" which appeared in the July, 1954, issue of *Leatherneck*. In my way of thinking, the article was more truth than fiction.

I well remember the big explosion because I was there when it blasted all the buildings, breaking in the paper shell doors and windows. A few days later we moved to another camp.

I was a Cavite Marine before the war, but remember the fine stories Mr. Stolley wrote for the Shanghai paper (the name of which has slipped my mind) and I think it would be very pleasant reading if he would write some of those stories over again for publication in the *Leatherneck*. I am sure it would bring back some happy memories for some of the old timers that are still in the Marine Corps.

TSgt. Floyd W. Hodgens
Marine Corps Recruiting Station
Post Office Building
Tulsa, Okla.

● *Thank you for your complimentary letter, Sgt. Hodgens. We were unable to reach W. O. Stolley for comment so we forwarded the letter to him.—Ed.*

A MARINE'S WIFE

Dear Sir:

A few months ago my girl friend sent photos of me to your department to be printed in the *Leatherneck Magazine*, and I wrote my husband, now with the Marines in Pusan, and told him about it. So far, neither he, my girl friend nor myself, have seen the photos printed or received a letter from you about them. I would appreciate an answer from you concerning them. Thank you.

Bonita Ann Cartwright

Bonita Ann Cartwright
2040 DelMar,
San Marino, Calif.

● *We didn't lose your photograph, Mrs. Cartwright! We're sorry for the delay, but it was unavoidable since our publication date falls at least two months subsequent to the time material is received.—Ed.*

VOLUNTARY RETIREMENT

Dear Sir:

This letter is in quest of information that I hope you will be able to furnish me.

I am a temporary officer, commissioned from Master Sergeant on February 3, 1952. I did not hold a commission prior to the above date.

My question is: Will I be able to retire on 30 years service at the highest rank held during my tour of active service?

I am aware of the provisions of paragraph 10054.5, Marine Corps Manual, but I have heard numerous stories direct from Headquarters, Marine Corps.

Also, I would appreciate any information you can give me on paragraph

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

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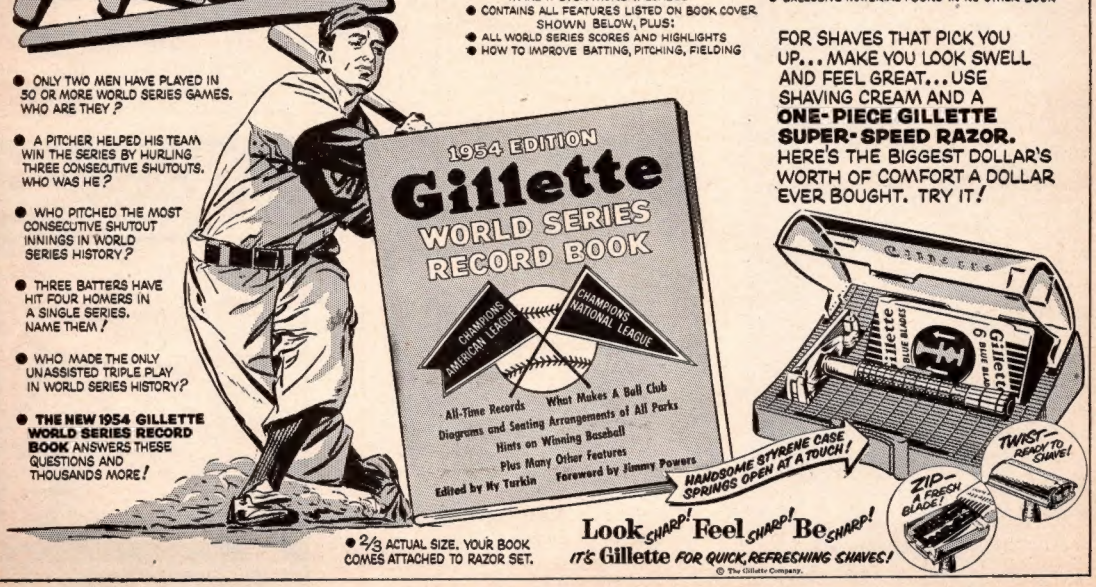

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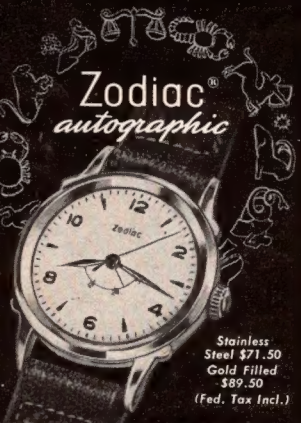

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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Compiled
by TSgt. John P. McConnell

Mrs. George D. Miller, Jr., 248 24th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Navy Chaplain A. F. MENDONSA.**

* * *

Corp. Leo B. Minton, MABS-17, MWSG-17, First Marine Air Wing, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc William F. SHINN.**

* * *

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Whitson, 2003 Grant Ave., Richmond, Calif., to hear from anyone who served with their son, **Pvt. John B. WHITSON, Jr.,** when he was KIA Feb. 27, 1953, in Korea. He was a member of Hq. Co., 1st Tank Bn., First Marine Division. They would also like to hear from any of their son's buddies who served with him in Hawaii.

* * *

Former Marine James B. Forgie, 148 Rodney Dr., Collins Park, New Castle, Del., to hear from **Sgt. James DARE** and **Capts. Earl F. ROTH** and **Clark ASHTON.** He would also like to hear from his former boot camp buddies.

* * *

Former Marine David G. Brooks, 21 Byron St., Bradford, Mass., to hear from **Corp. John F. HARVEY.**

* * *

Bruce D. Hutchins, Moscow, FSS, Department of State, Washington 25, D. C., to hear from boot camp buddies of Plat. 527.

* * *

Miss Frances Renkiewicz, 19 Willow St., Meriden, Conn., to hear from SSgt. **Emil** (last name unknown) of Northampton, Mass.

Former Marine Darrell A. Johnson, Pocahontas, Iowa, to hear from **Roman J. HONASY** or anyone who served with MT Sec., H&S Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines in Korea.

* * *

Mrs. Gertrude E. Zeibach, Route No. 1, Box No. 99, Hugo, Minn., to hear from anyone who served with her son, **David ZEIBACH, Jr.,** reported KIA Aug. 13, 1952, on Bunker Hill. She especially wishes to contact **Charles RACK** and other members of "I" Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division.

* * *

Dallas Coons, Box No. 186, League City, Tex., to hear from former members of Plt. No. 237 who went through Boot Camp at San Diego in 1941. He also wishes to hear from **John MAYFIELD, John KAISER** and **Carl R. WILLIAMS,** all former members of 2d MP Co., Second Marine Division.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

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WRITE FOR CATALOG

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Am. Rifleman Magazine, Jan. 1953

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What Now?

PROCTER & GAMBLE addresses a challenge to young men who will return to civilian life this year, particularly those who entered the services directly from college.

For the young, college-educated man with leadership potential and the ability to reason logically and clearly, to make and execute sound decisions, to develop original and creative ideas, Procter & Gamble offers an opportunity to grow with a growing company. Expanding rapidly in many fields, Procter & Gamble has a great need for capable young men who can be advanced *individually* in position and compensation as rapidly as each individual's ability permits.

We give below brief descriptions of the opportunities available together with some basic information about Procter & Gamble as a company:

Advertising—For this work we seek men who can take on broad marketing responsibilities quickly. The nature of this work is not advertising as most people conceive of it, but business administration within the framework of marketing and advertising.

Buying and Traffic—Buying of commodities, supplies, and equipment is a vital phase of Procter & Gamble's operation and offers opportunities for qualified men to progress to top management levels. Closely allied to Buying is the Traffic Department which deals with the movement of goods to and from our factories.

Manufacturing—Responsibility for efficient production of quality products developed to fill consumer needs rests with this group. Opportunities exist for recent graduates in Engineering or Chemistry who are interested in research, equipment design, development, and factory management.

Comptroller—This Division is our Company's center for accounting and forecasting information affecting all phases of our domestic and overseas operations. Excellent opportunity for advancement into managerial positions is offered to men with a general business education and an interest in management accounting.

Sales—Outstanding opportunities exist in the Company's sales departments to progress rapidly to responsible positions in sales management. Previous experience unnecessary as excellent training program is provided. Progress depends only upon your ability, initiative, and results.

Overseas—Interesting opportunities in the fields described above are available with subsidiary companies in major foreign cities. No contract or special language requirement. Employment highly selective since positions require early assumption of responsibility.

★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★

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CORPS QUIZ

1. *The modern war tank was first used by the _____ in WW 1.*
   (a) Germans
   (b) British
   (c) French

2. *A Marine in pay grade E-5 holds the rank of _____.*
   (a) Corporal
   (b) Sergeant
   (c) Staff Sergeant
3. *The Second Marine Aircraft Wing is located at _____.*
   (a) Cherry Point
   (b) El Toro
   (c) Miami
4. *In the Marine Corps, male officers below the rank of _____ may be addressed as "Mister."*
   (a) Captain
   (b) Major
   (c) Lieutenant Colonel
5. *The _____ of the guard is responsible for the property under charge of the guard and will see that it is cared for properly.*
   (a) Corporal
   (b) Commander
   (c) Sergeant
6. *Tradition has it that the red stripe on Marine officer and NCO trousers commemorates the bloody battle of _____.*
   (a) Chapultepec
   (b) Belleau Wood
   (c) Novaleta
7. *Lieutenant General _____ is the new Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps.*
   (a) Oliver P. Smith
   (b) Gerald C. Thomas
   (c) Randolph McC. Pate
8. *The famed saying "Retreat Hell, we just got here," was first uttered by a Marine officer in _____.*
   (a) World War I
   (b) World War II
   (c) The Korean War
9. *The Marines first used cargo resupply by aircraft in _____.*
   (a) Nicaragua
   (b) The Philippines
   (c) France

10. *The tribute, "Stand gentlemen, he served on _____," was originated in 1901 in the Philippines.*
    (a) Samar
    (b) Suva
    (c) Calcutta

See answers on page 69. *Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 Fair, 40 to 60 Good, 70 to 80 Excellent, 90 to 100 Outstanding.*

SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 7*]

10055.2. This paragraph does not qualify the "10 years of commissioned service," by dates or type of commission.

Name withheld by request
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *Public Law 381, 80th Congress (U.S. Code, Title 34, Section 431) makes it possible for temporarily appointed commissioned officers with permanent enlisted status in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps who have completed 30 years of active service to be placed upon the retired list in their present temporary commissioned rank, provided they submit an application.*

Paragraph 10055.2 does not apply to temporarily appointed commissioned officers of the regular Navy with permanent enlisted status. In order to retire under the provisions of paragraph 10055.2, the officer must be a permanent officer of the Marine Corps, and have completed 10 years of commissioned service. However, temporary and reserve commissioned status may be counted provided the officer holds permanent officer status upon completion of the 10 year requirement.—Ed.

BARNEY ROSS

Dear Sir:

Please settle an argument for me. I say that Barney Ross was not wounded while he was a Marine. The other party says that he was wounded and holds the Purple Heart.

Barney Ross was attached to the First Battalion, Eighth Marines and I contend that his only action was with that organization on Guadalcanal and that he was not wounded, but why he wasn't, God only knows.

John D. Blagden
Airline Motors,
Outer Hammond Street,
Bangor, Maine

● *According to the records at Headquarters Marine Corps, Barney Ross was not wounded in action.—Ed.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)

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Gentlemen: Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay jobs. Send FREE 36-page book describing salaries, vacations, hours, work. Tell me about my Veteran's Preference, and how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name .....

Address .....Vet?.....

Behind the lines...

IT HAPPENS all the time. Casual visitors to *Leatherneck* get that shook look when they stumble accidentally into our photo studio. Sometimes they find a begrimed Marine Pfc beating up a Red Chinese guard; or they might find a joker in swimming trunks, with his stomach on a stool, kicking and doing a crawl stroke in mid air. At the other end of the studio a photographer calmly clicks pix of the unusual antics.

What do we do with these crazy pictures?

Our art department orders them; they are the basis for many of the illustrations readers find in *Leatherneck*. The ingenious imagination of the artists, plus make-up, props, improvised costumes and willing models give the daubers a working guide. Research on backgrounds and details at the Smithsonian Institute or Library of Congress fills the artist in on authenticity. And authenticity is important; one mistake by our art department can load our Sound Off columns for three months.

The illustrations within the book and the cover paintings are, of course, a pleasurable chore, but illustration itself is a comparatively minor function; the tasks of a magazine's art department are immeasurable—and many of them are tedious, mechanical and routine. The fact that most of our artists dream of the day when they will be happily ensconced in sky-lighted studios, painting only the most beautiful models in the world, is never apparent during the chaotic production period of layouts and paste-ups. And, although most of our artists are specialists—illustrators, cartoonists, air brush men and letterers—all of them toss temperament on the shelf and share the menial jobs of photo sizing and cutting, galley paste-up and spot drawing.

But when production ends on one issue, and the editors come up with a fiction piece about an exotic female pirate, or a present day Mata Hari to be illustrated for a forthcoming issue, the art department goes back to dreaming about models, multi-colored canvases and sky-lighted studios . . .

The response to our "If I Were Commandant" contest has been a gratifying experience. We've always known that gripes everywhere in the military are as staccato as a hot BAR, but we never realized that there were so many serious thinkers in the Corps. The quality of the entries received has made it difficult for us to select the best; that's why there are SIX winners on pages 50 and 51.

And we'll continue to print and pay for winning entries as long as our readers keep our contest editor busy.

All details are included when our artists prepare an illustration. The end result of the above production may be found on page 52

Karl A Schmoe

Managing Editor

SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 11*]

OPERATION BOOTSTRAP

Dear Sir:

I have recently discovered that the Air Force has a program called "Operation Bootstrap" in which a person having six months or less of college is granted time off during his enlistment . . . and allowed to return to school to complete his course. At the end of his training, of course, he returns to military service to complete the rest of his enlistment.

It has been said that the Marine Corps has a program similar to this, although the sources are uncertain of its validity. Can you inform me as to whether or not this is correct? I have 28 months left to serve but would like to complete my education without resorting to extension courses.

Any help or consideration you can give me on this problem will be greatly appreciated.

Pfc L. A. Blackwell
Marine Corps Air Station,
Cherry Point, N. C.

● *The Marine Corps does not have an educational program similar to "Operation Bootstrap."—Ed.*

A FEW QUESTIONS

Dear Editor:

Please clarify the following:

(1) When are collar ornaments to be worn on the shirt?

(2) When can we wear the flannel shirts? Must they be displayed?

(3) When will the overcoat go out of existence?

(4) Is the exact shade for Marine Corps shoes "Dark Tan Mahogany?"

(5) What should be used to shine the tips of dress white bayonet scabbards?

(6) Are Marines being transferred with rifles?

(7) Exactly what pictures are we to use for clothing display—the books vary.

Name withheld by request

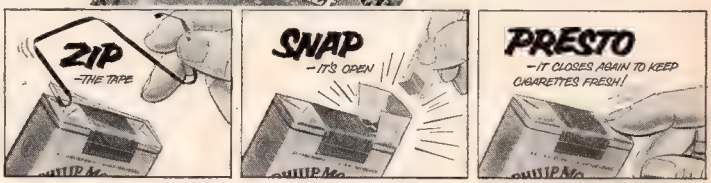
U.S.S. MIDWAY

● *(1) Collar ornaments are to be*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75)

PHILIP MORRIS
in the NEW
SNAP-OPEN
PACK

ONLY PHILIP MORRIS HAS IT!



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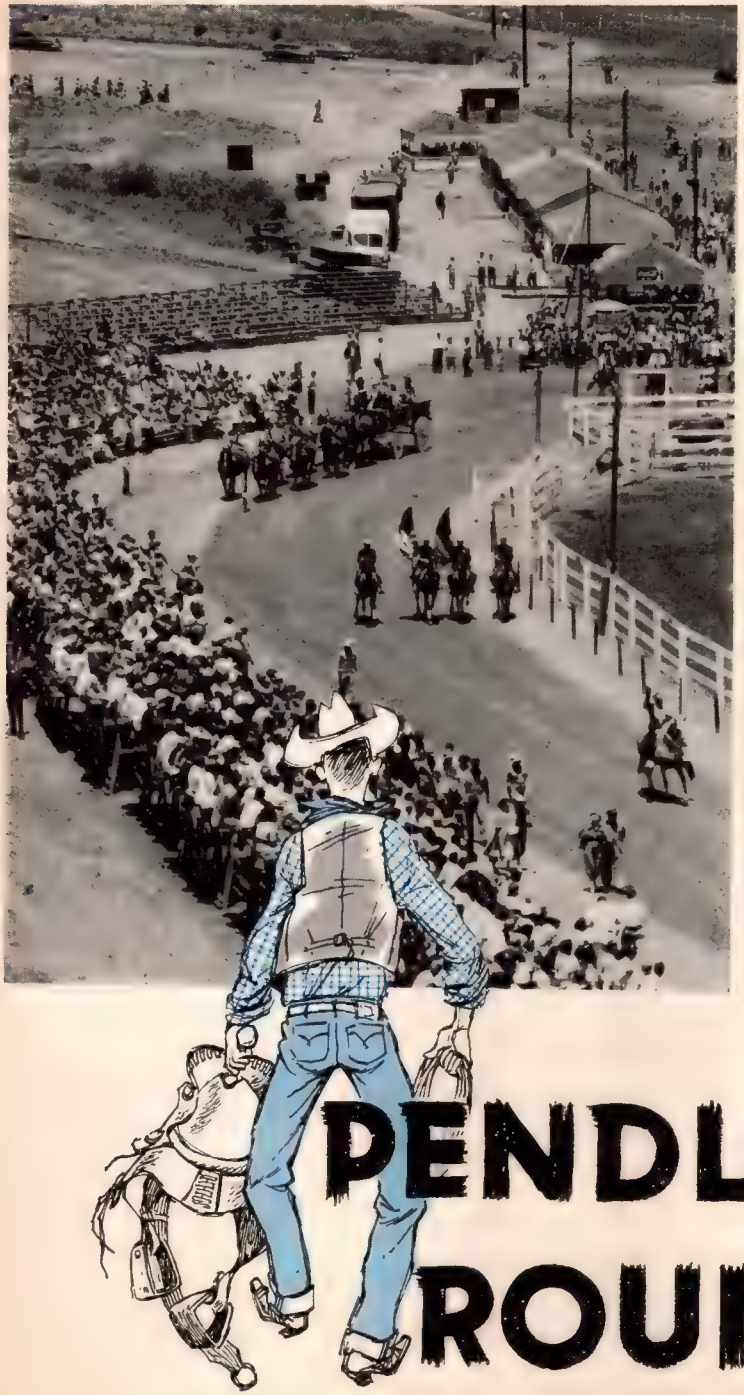
Ring size: Cut narrow strip of paper so that ends meet snugly around your finger. Mail with order.

SWEETHEART RING

Delicate, feminine, an exact miniature version of the OFFICIAL MARINE RING. A gift she'll cherish forever!

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer



PENDLETON ROUNDUP

SINCE 1948, THE Navy Relief Rodeo and Carnival has been a yearly event at Camp Pendleton, growing in size and scope through the years. This year's show—by far the largest and most pretentious attempted—combined three sure-fire ingredients dear to the hearts of the American public; animals, good food and beautiful women, although not necessarily in that order. Regardless of order, the 50,000 spectators who poured into Camp Pendleton in more than 15,000 automobiles, carried away with them memories of one of the most professional type free rodeos ever staged; close to 100 Camp Pendleton cowboys rehashed the happenings of the two-day event while applying liniment to aching anatomies; and the Navy Relief Society gained a whopping contribution for its work in assisting families of Naval personnel.

The rodeo committee began work in the beautiful women department many weeks before the show was slated to make its 1954 debut. A contest to select a rodeo queen and royal court was announced throughout Southern California, and with little or no persuasion, Master Sergeant Joseph Buffer of the Base Information Office was talked into to the task of beauty queen coordinator. The selection of a queen came during a two-hour show at Oceanside-Carlsbad High School Auditorium, with a panel of Hollywood stars casting the ballots. The judges included ex-Marine

A mounted color guard from Base Special Services opened the two-day Navy Relief Rodeo and Carnival by leading march

Private First Class R. B. Swartzwelder got the worst of the deal when he tried to ride a Brahman bull. The cowboy made a perfect three-point landing as his mount shied away

Photos by

TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Corp. Charles M. Stevenson hit the deck head-first. The Marine riders were tutored by the professional cowhands

TURN PAGE

Hospitalman Third Class Ken Klein lost out to the bulls but did better in the bronc class where he won top bareback riding honors

The wild cow milking contest provided plenty of excitement but not much milk. The two-man teams divided the task of roping, holding and milking the completely uncooperative bovines

ROUNDUP (cont.)

Hugh O'Brian, Mara Corday and Rita Moreno. Winner of the rodeo queen title was Joanne Cangi of Garden Grove, Calif., no stranger to beauty contests or the Marine Corps. She already holds the title of "Miss Orange County," "Miss Garden Grove," and "Miss Marine Corps League of Orange County."

Animals for the 1954 rodeo, as in past years, were furnished by Boyd Fury of Garden Grove, Calif. Mr. Fury, who augments his riding stock with purchases from Montana and Texas herds, brought no ringers into the Camp Pendleton show. Bucking broncs and Brahman bulls provided the spectators with thrills, and the riders with many spills throughout the two days of competition. Cowboys and rodeo judges, all donating their services, provided the professional touch and smoothness of operation usually witnessed only at the big name rodeos.

Riders and contestants for the competition came entirely from the ranks of Camp Pendleton's Marines who substituted boots for boondockers, Stetsons for overseas caps. For many of the Corps cowpokes, the long period of absence from the saddle coupled with a herd of mayhem-intent bulls and broncs, proved a rugged combination. Flying cowboys—alighting in positions from top-of-the-head balancing acts to

Private First Class Kenneth W. McQuillan demonstrated the prowess which helped him win first place honors in the calf roping competition

furrow-digging posterior landings—gave the onlooker a bang-up show and provided hundreds of enthusiastic photographers with a film field day.

As the smoke of battle cleared in the arena after the second day of competition, General Selden, accompanied by Queen Joanne, came onto the field to award trophies to the winning riders.

In the calf roping class, top honors went to Pfc Kenneth W. McQuillan, and second place to Pfc Paul O. Shinn. Top saddle bronc riders were Pfc Philip E. Weber, first place; Corporal David R. Augustine, second; and third place to Sergeant Homer L. Abell.

Winners in the wild bull riding event were Pfc Bill J. Brodwax, first place; Pfc Douglas Coleman, second; and Pfc Gerald L. Sturman, third.

Bareback bronc riding honors went to Hospitalman 3/C Kenneth K. Klein, who finished in top spot; second place to Pfc Billy R. Spruill; and third place to Pfc Douglas Coleman. Coleman also received top honors in the wild cow milking contest.

TURN PAGE

Rodeo Queen, Joanne Cangi, bussed bareback riding champ Klein. The sea-going cowboy was also awarded a trophy

Crowds along the midway had no trouble in buying their programs from Corp. Carl Leary and others who volunteered for hawker duty

MPs traded their jeeps in for horses to patrol the rodeo. Small fry strays were corralled here to await reclamation

Miss Joanne Cangi had a lot of rivalry for the Rodeo Queen title, but after two hours the judges named her the prettiest

Pfc Dorothy Morse, one of four volunteers, made a big splash and a lot of money for the Navy Relief

The hot California sun helped the "Old Hitchin' Post Saloon" do a land office business—Western style

ROUNDUP (cont.)

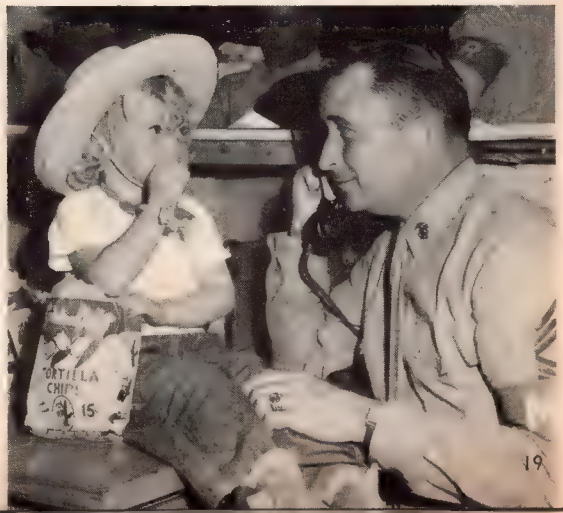
Individual awards were presented to the best-dressed adults, children and to the best silver mounted display. Camp Pendleton's Lieutenant Colonel F. W. Augustine won the silver mounted class, with an ornately worked, saddle and costume. The Escondido Mounted Police team took first place in the riding club division, followed by the colorful Aztec riders from El Cajon, Calif.

Thousands of hot dogs and hamburgers were consumed on the midway, but the *piece de resistance* in the food department came with the western-style barbecue served during the second day of the rodeo. Captain Paul L. Davis, Camp Pendleton Food Director, and his crew labored throughout the night in preparation of the king-sized barbecue and trimmings. A modest two and a half tons of prime beef were prepared; a ton and a half of potato salad mixed, and 500 pounds of beans

TURN PAGE

Chowhounds of all brands took time out from the festivities to dine at the giant open-air restaurant

Master Sergeant James E. Mansfield, "Assistant Sheriff," tried to find a cute little cowgirl's parents



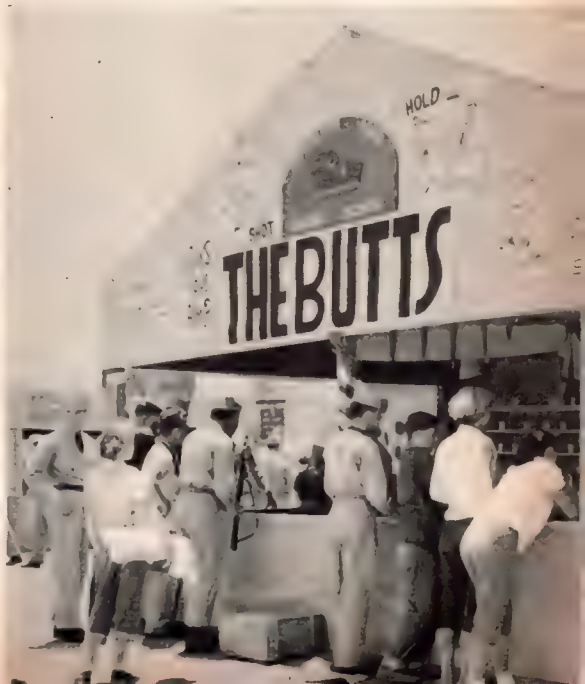
After the rodeo ended, crowds along the midway were entertained by a Hollywood unit. A Pendleton orchestra provided the accompaniment

simmered to provide the side dish. Thirteen thousand rolls were piled on the serving tables just before the dinner gong rang, and the barbecue rush was on. Although the line into the serving tents at times contained more than 1000 hungry customers, service was fast and efficient.

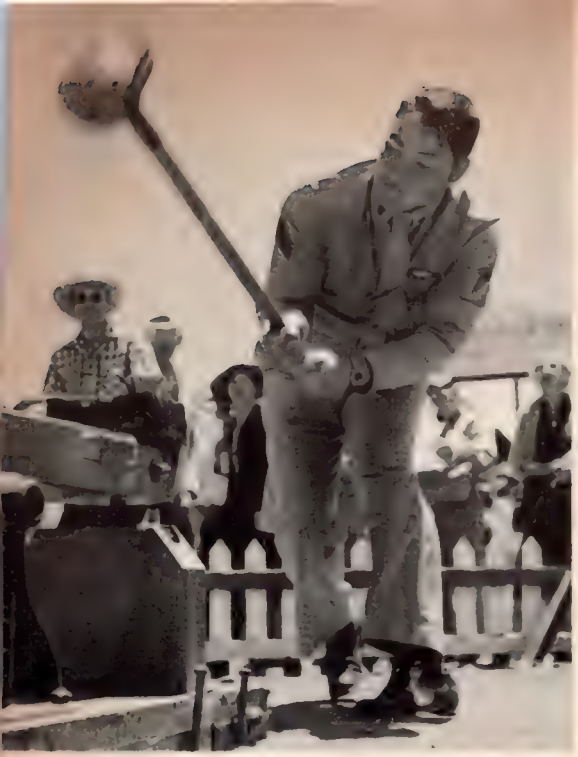
Through both days of the rodeo, activity on the midway continued unabated. Barkers at each booth created a true carnival illusion. Fortune tellers predicted the future for the inquisitive; pony rides occupied the small fry as long as the quarters held out, and for the muscle boys, a high-striker provided a bicep test. Darts and hoops enabled Marines and visitors to load down their wives and dates with cakes, goldfish bowls and over-sized teddy bears. And for midway strollers weak with hunger and thirst, volunteer booth workers howled and screamed—and toward the end—hoarsely croaked the qualities of their refreshments.

The tremendous success and acceptance of Camp Pendleton's Navy Relief Rodeo assure its continuance for many years to come. And the annual affair has done much to add to the prestige and versatility of the individual Marine. Whether the call is to saddle a horse for a charity rodeo, or to grab his gear and "saddle up" in true John Wayne style—the Pendleton Marine is ready. **END**

Hospitalman Second Class John Dean watched Pfc John Bradley try his skill on the putting range



Servicemen and Annie Oakleys tried their shooting prowess at short range with corks and pop-guns



Sergeant William Sullivan put muscle behind the mallet to win a goodly supply of cigars

Major General John Selden watched Queen Joanne pick the winner of a 1954 automobile

Thousands bucked this line for the barbecue. Two and a half tons of beef were prepared

The Marine Detachment at Argentia trains the sailors who comprise the numerical bulk of the station's Naval Emergency Ground Defense Force

ARGENTIA, Newfoundland

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

THE MARINE IN the sentry box at the entrance to Upper Deuce, the higher of the areas into which Magazine #2 is split, shifted back and forth on his feet and pulled his parka tighter about him, trying to keep warm. Island folk were saying that it was the worst Winter Newfoundland had seen in "40 year," and he believed it. The jeep patrol through the thick, spruce-covered hills where Upper and Lower Deuce are scattered had been secured because of the weather.

At one time, when the security of the United States Naval Station's ammunition magazines at Argentia, Newfoundland, was maintained by foot patrols, Upper Deuce was the Marine Detachment's nominee for the worst walking post in the Corps. Someone once suggested that mules would furnish perfect transportation for the rocky timberland but the plan failed. There was no appropriation for hay. Instead, motorized patrols began cruising the areas during exceptionally poor weather. When a fire flamed up in Magazine #1, near the edge of the Navy's airfield, a jeep-riding sentry was able to report it in time to prevent serious damage. That was enough to convince the proper authorities that jeeps could outdistance boondockers—the magazine watchmen began riding. Sometimes, though, the steep, winding gravel roads ice up to a point where the versatile jeep can't maneuver on them. Then the driver and rider team stand their watch in frame booths, one at each entrance to Magazine #2.

Temperatures during the Winter months are below freezing but the mercury rarely dips past zero. Usually, snow does not fall in Argentia—it shoots in from the Atlantic Ocean horizontal to the earth, driven along by powerful so'westerly winds. Until three 150-foot towers behind the barracks were taken down, Marines used to gauge the wind velocity by the tune

The remodeled Marine Room is most popular watering spot at Argentia

Commanding officer, Major "Ike" Fenton (r), holds periodic confabs with detachment's wheels: mess, supply, police, first sergeant, exec

it whistled when whipping through antenna wires strung among the high masts. A good 40-knot breeze, with gusts reaching 90 knots, is common; walking in Newfy winds is a bit tricky. If you are traveling south or west, you bend into the wind. North or east, you lean back. A favorite anecdote among the Marines concerns another serviceman who was leaning heavily on a tailwind when the wind quit and he landed on his tail. Scuttlebutt champions caution newcomers not to venture outdoors unless they weigh more than 150 pounds.

But absolute security in any kind of weather is the first responsibility of the Marine Detachment at Argentia. It is not a job they take lightly, either, as shown by their reputation among the station's population. They demand strict compliance to orders. Daily guard follows the routine which prevails at most installations where Marines find themselves stationed. When the roads are navigable, the roving patrol covers the magazine areas, checks every bunker, door and lock. The Marines also furnish one sentry for each of the two gates leading off the lend-leased land. Two air policemen make up the other half of the gate complement.

This combined gate watch of Marines and airmen is probably an Argentia exclusive but hardly more than good geographical reasoning. The Navy's hunk of the Argentia peninsula is surrounded almost entirely by the white-capped waters of Placentia Bay and Little Placentia Harbor. A tiny isthmus, a few hundred yards wide, is the only land exit from the Naval Station. Just beyond the gate is McAndrew Air Force Base. Sentries who patrol Deuce Hill must ride through McAndrew to reach the magazines. Across the Air Force ground, where the road sights out to the rest of Newfoundland, there is another gate, the main inlet to McAndrew. Despite the seemingly conflicting command, traffic moves easily.

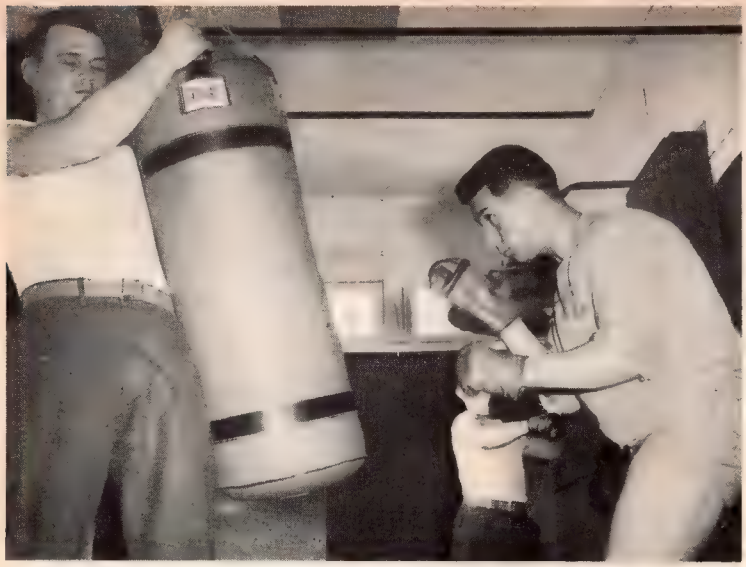
The detachment's stringent watchfulness does not end with the guard of the day, however. When a ship with a civilian crew ties up at the Naval Station, Marine sentries are posted on the dock to keep the seamen aboard their vessel. Military aircraft shuttling between the States and Europe with classified couriers or material on board get the same treatment when they pause at Argentia. Station traffic control and riot drills complete the interior guard activities.

Secondary mission for the Marines—and one on which they spend considerable time—is to provide the Supporting Weapons Platoon for the station's Naval Emergency Ground Defense Force. In action, the weapons platoon packs mortars—the large, 81-mm. economy-sized tubes—and light machine guns. Intervals between General Quarters drills are spent polishing the

TURN PAGE

Sgt. Manford Koehn and his Newfy bride, Shirley, took a three-room flat in Freshwater. Rent is $60 but they must share bath privileges

On patrol, Pfc R. Lamarque got help from Red Dog, detachment's mascot



Pfc Bill Kelvey bucks the time bag as Pfc Tarzan Chirico, detachment heavyweight, gets in shape. Workout room is busy during boxing season

ARGENTIA (cont.)

techniques of operating these lethal agents. Which may explain why the grades for General Military Subjects Tests received by the Argentia Detachment surpassed the Marine Corps average. Twenty percent of the unit's enlisted men are Korea veterans. To them, a weapon is a precision instrument whose abilities must be mastered before it can become a trusted friend. Their attitude has rubbed off on some of the less experienced hands in the detachment.

In addition to their own training, the Marines instruct the sailors who comprise the numerical bulk of the ground defense force in the basic fundamentals of small arms and maneuvering. Preparedness is important at Argentia. Stuck out in the North Atlantic by itself, Newfoundland is always a potential target for an enemy. GQ and blackout drills are staged to test the results of training. During the General Quarters exercises, the Marines have portrayed the invading forces to add realism to the dummy runs. What they'd really like to do, the Marines argue, is pull a surprise landing on the station to get a truer estimate of how well the sailors have progressed in their schooling. Summertime, a hand-picked group of Air Force noncoms from throughout the vast area controlled by the North East Air Command come to Argentia for Marine tutoring in basic military fields. They return to their home bases as instructors, pass on their newly-acquired knowledge.

Housekeeping could be a problem at Argentia, but it isn't. The detachment operates from a pair of double-decked barracks set close to the Navy gate. They have plenty of space, actually more than the off-guard alone can cope with on field day. Most of the slack is eased off by police call—three times a day.

Perhaps an explanation for the exceptionally high pride of the detachment can be traced to a stern-but-fair policy. From the commanding officer, Major Francis I. (Ike) Fenton, Jr., down to the five buck privates, these men constantly display a pride in their organization and their Corps. Soldiering is their business, and they're proud of that, also. The duty at Argentia, they claim, is the best in the Corps today.

But the liberty . . .

Newfoundland is only three and a half hours away from the States by Constellation but it's an overseas establishment where Stateside-type liberty is something to remember. Lack of liberty is probably one reason why a tour of duty there is only 18 months.

On station, there are numerous recreational facilities but there is little outside the front gate. St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, can be interesting, but it's 90 rough, chuck-holed miles away. Liberty runs to that city are rare. In the immediate vicinity of the station, the villages of Dunville, Freshwater and Placentia come alive occasionally with a Saturday night fling known as a "stomp"—a let-your-hair-down affair, second cousin to a barn dance.

Marines stationed at this northeastern outpost find the best place to wile away their off-duty hours is right in their own living quarters. The second story of the troops' barracks (the other building houses detachment offices, supply rooms, training hall and galley) is strictly for recreation.

The topside head has been converted into an ample gym—described as a workout room—with wrestling mat, punching bags and bar bells. In the past, any grudges resulting from living in close quarters have been settled there under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Recent activity in the gym is the offshoot of what the Marines maintain was a mismatch at a station smoker. One trooper who figured he'd represent the detachment at the fights entered as a novice and found himself facing a Golden Gloves titlist. "The Champ"—a nom de guerre tagged on him by the detachment—went into the ring for the first time in his life and was beaten badly ere the bell had rung three times. It was a personal affront to the Marines. A nine-man boxing squad is in training to correct the "oversight."

Elsewhere topside, the recreation room has been renovated. An ornate reading room was fitted with Stateside trimmings, including a huge radio-phonograph console. Another part of the rec room sports a pool table with worn-out cushions and a new shuffle board. Although the outfit has its own movie theater where canned entertainment is shown twice nightly, Private First Class Bob Ash sometimes scours the station trying to borrow a projector when the one allotted to the Marines breaks down. The tiny theater hasn't missed a performance yet.

In the headquarters building, photo bugs can utilize the detachment's darkroom to soup their own shots. Twenty-two slugs ping into the armored butts at the indoor range in the basement. When the Marines aren't firing, Seabees or sailors squeeze 'em off. The detachment's trophy case is well stocked with items certifying to the marksmanship of past members. The current small bore squad is pressing for another station championship, but that's not enough for the competitive Marines. They'd like to fire against other Marine outfits by mail.

Marines who like to swap sea stories over a friendly glass drop down to the Marine Club in the basement of the barracks. The club was built by the troops there in 1947, and reopened Easter Monday after an elaborate redecoration. Presently, it rivals most of the Staff NCO spas in the States for plushness.

One idea since its inception was to keep the place elite. Early efforts to make it just a trifle more exclusive than the other enlisted men's clubs aboard the station resulted in an old throwback from Prohibition's speakeasy days—a peephole was cut in the door. You still have to press a bell to gain admittance, but the peephole has been closed.

Since the renovation, local combos vie for the bandstand and Marines find that attractive Newfoundland girls are charming dance partners. Sometimes, acquaintances evolve into marriage.

Troops who speak freely about duty and liberty have no praiseworthy comments about the detachment's cooks. They are more apt to criticize the chefs while holding their plates out for second helpings. Actually, the chow served in the gleaming mess hall by Technical Sergeant Leonard B. Stanley, the mess sergeant, is excellent. The Marines are afraid that a pat on the back for the cooks might go to their heads and they'd start doping off in the galley.

A glance out the mess hall windows is like looking at a barometer. Storms —snow, rain, sleet or fog—sweeping off the water, head right for that part of the barracks. However, if you don't like the weather, wait 15 minutes. It'll change! Uniform of the day at Argentia is greens—all year. An electric pressing machine in the barracks enables the men to keep a razor-sharp appearance despite atmospheric conditions.

Newfoundland boasts some of the best hunting and fishing in North America. Although most of the squirrels have gone, moose make a meaty target for Marine rifles. Expeditions from the detachment netted eight of the huge animals during the past season. Bill Baker, who has been the barracks' number one bartender for many years, guided the largest group into the barrens last winter. Each of the five Marines on the trip nailed a moose.

Salmon fishing in the island's crystal rivers and streams ordinarily would be a sporting thrill, but local laws are tight on salmon. Certain streams, days and bait (dry flies, which salmon don't relish) designated by the government handicap fishermen hoping to land one of the big fish. Casting for trout is an easier feat. One day's limit of sea or rainbow species is 36. A Navy operated fishing camp on North East Arm is equipped with log cabins for week-enders, with a new $25,000 lodge undergoing construction there.

Married men of the detachment find housing a serious problem. Staff NCOs with their families aboard the station move into some of the most spacious quarters in service housing, but the waiting list is fat. Applications sometimes pend eight months or more. Sergeants and below don't rate Navy housing, move into one of the nearby towns where the living conditions are poor at best. Newfy houses rent for $15 a room, $15 to share a bath with another family. One bedroom, living room, kitchen and semi-private bath in a weather-beaten frame building costs $60 a month. Navy medical inspectors make sure civilian rentals have hot and cold running water and indoor "conveniences." Commissary prices are higher than in the States.

A Navy-operated fishing camp on the North East Arm is equipped with log cabins for week-end Waltons. Fishing in Newfy streams is choice

The town of Placentia, where many Argentia servicemen rent, lies across a narrow channel called "the gut." Transportation between Jerseyside and Placentia is most easily accomplished by riding "the gut boat," an outsized row boat with an inboard motor which hauls passengers back and forth with little regard for stormy waters. Landlubbers with wheels can reach Placentia by driving 24 miles around a pair of fjords but Newfy roads are a nemesis to automobiles. Most people ride the gut boat.

When the first Marine detachment came ashore at Argentia in January, 1941, they brought a pair of three-month-old Irish Setter puppies with them. A few years back, one of the dogs—"Gyrene"—died. "Red Dog," the surviving pup, has put more than his quota of Marines on report. In his prime, when the guard rode out to be posted, Red would go along to walk the tour with the sentry. If a man loafed on post, the canine trotted back to the guard office. Sergeants of the Guard checked the post Red had returned from, and sure 'nuf, somebody was goofing.

Red was all for adventure in his younger days. Whenever the Marines answered a fire alarm or riot call, Red Dog would jump up on the hood of the guard truck and bark his best until the truck pulled up to the scene of action. And Red used to be a nightly visitor at the Marine Club. Around nine o'clock he'd stop down for a bite of chow, wait outside the door until someone came along and rang the bell. Red's benefactor would duck behind the door when it swung open and the dog would walk in by himself, a scene which caused some patrons to blink twice and take a big gulp of their favorite beverage. Red Dog, though, never touched any alcoholic mixture.

Things which are commonplace elsewhere are unusual in Newfoundland. And vice versa. But the most mixed-up Marine to drop his seabag there found himself in Argentia and didn't like it. He fumed inwardly until the Inspector-General's team gave the detachment a once-over. He wanted—and got—a request mast. The clerk who made out his orders told him he was going to *Argentina,* he told the officer. How about straightening the mistake and shipping his frozen carcass south, where it's warm?

The lad was told to go read his orders again. He did. They spelled *Argentia.* The way the men in the detachment figure it, he'd probably "hate like hell to be in Nova Scotia," too! **END**

コーヒーとトースト
サンドウヰッチ 種々
飲料水 混合酒

ON LIMITS

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Photos by
MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

TWICE, EVERY MONTH, two Marines, a sailor and a Japanese civilian meet at the main gate of Camp Gifu, headquarters for the Third Marine Division in Japan. Then, after a few polite bows and handshakes are exchanged, the quartet strides down the center of the dirt road leading into the village of Naka-cho, its neon-lighted main street only a few hundred yards from the entrance to the military reservation.

As the four men approach the first of the restaurants lining both sides of the street, the local citizenry go into action. Shopkeepers, taking advantage of the preliberty lull in business and gossiping on the corners, slip back into their stores as the group draws near. Young Japanese girls, sweeping the hardpacked dirt sidewalks, announce the coming of the foursome.

"Mama-san! Papa-san! Come quick, inspection!"

Their excited shouts herald the approach of a joint Japanese-Third Marine Division sanitation team on a surprise inspection of the 164 "On Limits" eating and drinking establishments in the villages of Gifu and Naka-cho.

Alerted by the young girls' cries, Mama-sans and Papa-sans—the owners of the Japanese equivalent to America's hamburger palaces — react like a Marine Barracks' police sergeant, minutes before a Saturday morning in-

spection. A tabletop gets a quick swipe to brush off an early customer's crumbs, a curtain is rearranged and a critical eye circles the room in a last-minute check for anything which might displease the inspecting party. But the tense air this group seems to create isn't as bad as it appears. The proprietors welcome the team, and their wholehearted cooperation accounts for the team's successful mission. These owners of the gaudily decorated restaurants and cafes know that if they pass the strict scrutiny of two of these men, the coveted "On Limits" sign will remain above the door, acting as the open sesame to the Marines' yen-filled pocketbooks and empty stomachs.

The hustle and bustle caused by their entry in town is blandly ignored by the two permanent members of the group. HM2 Joseph Caggiano of the Third Marine Division's Sanitation Section and his civilian counterpart, Dr. Saburo Yamamoto, have been carrying out this assignment ever since the division landed in Japan last year. Their role as sanitation inspectors is a part of the division's Preventative Medicine Unit's purpose to: "control epidemic diseases which in some manner might affect the combat readiness of the Division."

The other team members are Pfc Seiichi Taguchi, a Marine interpreter, and a military policeman, along just in case any military personnel might question the authority of the party. Actually there has never been any

TURN PAGE

The Sanitation Team not only gives the OK on the facilities of a cafe, but must also approve the food

When an establishment doesn't pass inspection, it's a Marine interpreter's job to tell the proprietor

Dr. Yamamoto tastes contents of open cans behind the bar. The doctor is the team's civilian member

The Japanese charcoal stove, called the habichi, is used by many of the small restaurants in Japan

The sanitation inspection completed, HM2 Caggiano makes a detailed report on the condition of the cafe. The waitress awaits the verdict

Cleanliness is the major requisite demanded by both the military and Dr. Yamamoto. Kitchens are inspected for proper facilities for the sterilization of dishes, glasses and cooking utensils. Refrigerators and food storage areas are carefully checked. Windows must have proper screening; glasses on shelves are removed and checked for possible smudges denoting a too-quick washing and the overall cleanliness of the dining room gets a rigid going over.

The team works fast and in less than 15 minutes Caggiano, the interpreter and Dr. Yamamoto are huddled in a corner comparing notes through translation by Pfc Taguchi. If minor violations are noted by either of the inspectors, Dr. Yamamoto issues a warning, in true Japanese Army style, to the proprietor. If the store isn't up to the minimum requirements, he requests the owner to take down the "On Limits" sign. In the few cases where the cafes did not maintain the standards, there has never been any argument from the owners when Dr. Yamamoto voices his request. The combination of his earlier Army training and his present high position in the community, give his demands authority.

Like Dr. Yamamoto, Navy and Military medical authorities know that food, other than that served in messhalls, can be enjoyed in Japan. Japanese restaurants offer a wide variety

ON LIMITS (cont.)

trouble during an inspection tour and the MP's role is just a routine assignment.

As the cilvilian member, Dr. Yamamoto's task is twofold: to assist the Sanitation Unit in carrying out its mission and to teach his people the need for better and more stringent regard for the basic principles of public health. He was formerly a health inspector for the Japanese Army in World War II and is now Chief of Sanitation for the Gifu Prefecture.

Once the team enters a restaurant, the real authority rests with Dr. Yamamoto. As a member of the American military forces, Caggiano can only make recommendations and, if need be, request improvements. Then, acting in his official capacity as a public official, Dr. Yamamoto gives the final word.

HM2 Caggiano found it second nature to return salutations of cafe owners after an inspection

of strange foods which would satisfy any gourmet. Their menus offer a variety of dishes, from the tastiest steaks in the world to the most pungent of raw fish.

And nowhere in the world are the steaks given more tender care before they reach the kitchen. Each head of cattle is penned to limited activity and given the best of fodder. For two weeks before slaughter a daily massage is administered by the experienced hands of the executioner—especially in the region of the New York cut and the standing rib roast.

But American health officials serving with the Armed Forces found the loving care ended with the ax. Few restaurants had refrigeration facilities.

On reaching the kitchen, the cuts of tenderloin and T-bone remained uncovered, prime targets for the flies who found easy access to the galley via screenless windows and doorless doorways.

The larger cities of Tokyo, Osaka and Yokohama do have public health laws, barely reaching the minimum set by the United States Public Health Service, but regulations in the smaller towns are lax. Counting the pushcart venders, there are well over 2000 eating establishments in the Gifu-Naka area. Dr. Yamamoto does not have a large staff to police these restaurants in an attempt to raise the standards. Even so, many of these small cafes, and some of the larger, do not desire the Marines' patronage, for the Japanese

When a cafe gets a below par rating from the Sanitation Team, the "On Limits" sign is removed, thereby discouraging Marine patronage

love to turn a meal into a long drawn out ceremony, involving many courses and consuming several hours. They are not happy with the American habit of bolting their food and running off.

The expense involved to meet the requirements for an "On Limits" sign involves, in most cases a considerable outlay. The cost of electricity for refrigeration is high for the Japanese owner of a small restaurant, just large enough to seat three or four customers. Gas, if used to heat the gallons of water necessary for cleaning purposes, can send the utility bill skyrocketing over the profits.

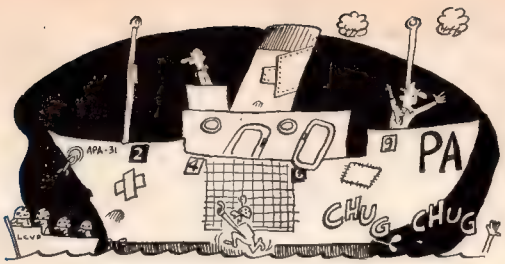
In past years, when the greater proportion of our armed forces were within the continental limits of the USA, authorities found it only necessary to publicize the places they considered out of bounds for military personnel. These restrictions were placed on cafes which did not meet the requirements of the U. S. Public Health Service.

Now, with a great many Marines, sailors and soldiers serving in friendly countries overseas, especially those whose standards of living differ from those of the United States, there was a need for a change. However, "Off Limits" signs couldn't be tacked on a business establishment just because the owner wished to continue running his business the same way he had for many years. This is true of the small cafe owner in Japan who can just about afford the electricity consumed in one lightbulb and enough gas to cook.

The problem was solved with "On Limits" signs. With the help of city officials and local business associations, the cafe and restaurant owners, many of them already clamoring for the patronage of the servicemen, were given a list of the required standards for the Americans. Military personnel were indoctrinated with the need to patronize only those places displaying the "On Limits" sign. The Japanese were happy to cooperate, and now the program has paid off. It's a rare occasion when an American uniform can be found in a restaurant which doesn't have the sign placed in a prominent spot outside the entrance.

The inspection team of HM2 Caggiano and Dr. Yamamoto isn't the only sanitation group working in Japan. Wherever you find units of the Third Marine Division, you'll find other members of the division's Preventative Medicine Unit working with Japanese health authorities for the sole purpose of keeping the Marine in Japan in the best of health. Understandable proof of the excellent work these teams are doing can be found in the log of the divvy unit's sickbay. At this writing there have been no reports of cases of food poison or other intestinal and stomach disorders which can be traced to the restaurants of Japan. **END**

LUXURY LINER
NEW YORK



GIVE ME THE APA!

Anyone with a little dough can go luxury liner. Only lucky Marines travel by APA

by Vance Bristow

Illustrations by the author

SPEAKING WITH the great authority of one who has cruised aboard both the APA (Amphibious Personnel Assault) and the Luxury Liner, let me be the one to say, "Give me back the good ole APA!"

The more I think about it, the more it amazes me how these civilians can take the same number of crew members and passengers as the Navy, and yet make things so outrageously different. And, being an ex-Marine, I'm naturally sold on the Navy's operational procedure.

Let me draw a few comparisons to explain my point.

I'm sure that you Marines who've been involved in a Med Cruise or several trips to Vieques or Little Creek, as I was with the Eighth Marines at Lejeune, can remember the embarkation at Morehead City, N. C. You arrive there some four or five hours before boarding the APA—just to make sure all stragglers are on hand and to give the Navy plenty of time to get everything shipshape for your visit. This also gives the Pfcs a chance to actually participate in the loading of cargo. That in itself is an educational feature that will be invaluable in later life. The other men who aren't so lucky just loll about in the pure white sand or join in group games like "Let's bury the Lootenant's carbine."

But the hours pass quickly, and soon the men go striding lithely up the gangway carrying just their personal gear—rifle, helmet, clothing bag, transport pack, seabag, locker boxes, company records, battalion records, and crew-served weapons. All the other accompanying baggage had been loaded previously by the kind, considerate Navy.

TURN PAGE

"Ex-Sgt. Bristow requests permission to come aboard, sir!"

GIVE ME THE APA! (cont.)

Once aboard, the companies are led to their respective compartments and each man is assigned a sack. He will share this rack with his small amount of personal gear. And what a spirit of leadership and authority is shown when each sergeant says to his men, ever so gently, "Awright youse guys, get in yer "#%**&?@!!! rack and stay there until we get these %$#**@! billets squared away!"

And his men, in their willingness to accept the wisdom of this directive, answer, "#$%&*@'!!"

After having experienced situations like that several times, I was naturally snowed by the inefficiency of the Luxury Liner. I arrived at the pier in New York the morning the ship was to sail for France. A porter grabbed my baggage and whisked it straight to my stateroom. I presented my ticket and passport at the gangway, amid several "Bon Voyage" parties, and was told, sir, that I may go aboard now if I wished!

Fighting my way courageously through the total strangers who insisted I sample their champagne, I then stumbled with amazement up the gangway trying to figure out just what this commercial lash-up was putting over on me. But I squared myself away by the time I hit the quarterdeck, snapped to attention and saluted first the ensign and then the officer-of-the-deck, as per Naval custom. Another ex-Marine, following me aboard asked, "Where do you get this business of saluting BELLBOYS?"

Oh, well, once a Marine. . . . .

And the good times we used to have in our compartment on the PA! It was so spacious we only slept five high. Troops were always singing, or playing harmonicas, or cleaning the head, or engaging in the constructive little exercise known as "chipping paint."

The Luxury Liner, on the other hand, takes all the fun out of such communial activities. The tourist-class stateroom to which I was assigned had to be shared by *three* others! And crowded! It was small to begin with, and then cluttered up with four beds, two lavatories, and two wall lockers. Those civilian ship owners then added to the confusion by sending individual stewardesses, and bellhops in and out waiting on you. Under circumstances like that you tend to lose your feeling of comradeship and of being one of the group.

I see no point in discussing the chow situation at all. Everyone knows how famous that Navy food is. They have the cafeteria-type service down pat, too. First the gravy in the tray and then hit it with the mashed potatoes. Marines aboard a PA also get the chance to exercise their ingenuity every day by figuring out new ways to "beat the chow line"—that's getting into chow without standing in line.

Chow aboard a civilian liner is a very complicated operation. First you're given a table reservation, then a waiter of your own, then a menu, and THEN they finally get around to serving you their 14 course (soup to nuts) meal.

"Elizabeth," I said to the cute little blonde from Boston who shared my table, "if we stay aboard this scow for a year I'll never get used to this custom of serving wine with the meals. Now when I was aboard that APA. . . . "

"I know it's a strain to readjust to civilian life," she answered softly as she emptied the decanter, "but try, won't you? Now be a good ex-jarhead and drink your vin rouge."

Then just to prove that the Corps had taught me to be easily adaptable to any situation, I downed the wine.

I remember the excitement on the PA every night as the troops playfully jockeyed for seats on the deck. A battalion of Marines aboard and only space for 50 in the movie. The thrill of wondering if you were going to sit on the floor or on a bucket. Sneaking a smoke under the eyes of the Chief MAA. How they would announce the movie to be the latest Marilyn Monroe epic in order to get as many troops as possible in to see a training film you'd already seen 98,000 times. Or miss evening chow

"It's outrageous," I said. "Ten cents for draft beer!"

to homestead a choice seat only to have the movie called off. And the day the wall was painted and the movie that night stuck to the paint.

The civilians take sort of a "Ho Hum" attitude toward shipboard movies. Just walk in and sit down in regulation movie seats, light up a cigar, and watch the latest first-run movie. That's for sissies.

The Luxury Liner wasted quite a bit of space by devoting several large rooms to — of all things — cocktail lounges! Silliest place I ever heard of one being located. On board a ship yet. I leaned my plush red leather chair back against the drapes of the lounge and remarked to Anne (a fine little brunette from St. Louis) about this absurdity of bars aboard a civilian liner. "It's outrageous," I said. "Ten cents for draft beer and 45 for mixed drinks."

"Your PA must have been wonderful," she whispered in my ear. The waiter appeared. I could scarcely hear him for the orchestra.

"Your order, M'sieu?"

"Two Cuba Libres, on the double."

Then turning to Anne I resumed our discussion, saying, "Yes, it's positively outrageous."

Now cocktail lounges on a ship are bad enough, but the clincher—now get this—is swimming pools! Can't you just imagine one of those on a Navy transport? Of course, the hold of our APA was usually running over with surplus bilge water, but not even the most imaginative Pfc would have called it a swimming pool.

"A peseta for your thoughts," asked Betsy (she was the beautiful blonde from Manhattan) as we sat at the swimming pool bar sipping our bourbon and branch water and observing the numerous gals in bikinis flitting around the pool. Brushing a nostalgic tear from my eye, I told her of our playful Marine aqua games of old. Jumping off and swimming around the PA a couple of times before breakfast every morning. And about the corporal from Georgia who decided to swim home from the Bay of Naples. And how we passed him half way across the Atlantic, and how he wasn't quite as fast as he thought he was.

Brushing a nostalgic tear from my eye, I told her of our playful Marine aqua games.

And those rifle calisthenics on the deck of the PA. The perfect way to keep from growing stale on a long ocean voyage! Salt spray whipping across your face. The warm Mediterranean breezes that left those picturesque icicles hanging from your nose.

But does the Luxury Liner take physical well-being into consideration? Of course not! I looked all over the ship for an M-1 with which to do my exercises and finally had to settle on promenading about the sun deck with that good-looking gal from Valencia.

Showers at sea are no fun if the water supply (as aboard the Luxury Liner) is plentiful. But when you never know if you'll be all soaped, ready for rinsing, and the water (as aboard the PA) might suddenly be cut off. Now that's variety!

When liberty call sounded on the PA you could always rest assured that you were going ashore in some interesting and educational port, such as Crete, Sardinia, Siracusa, or Norfolk. Not so with a civilian liner. They dropped me right off at Le Havre, France, hustled me aboard a boat train, and three hours later I was in Paris.

I think the Luxury Liners are too dangerous for casual travel. They maintain no sentries to keep you from wandering into out-of-bounds areas, like the smokestack, for instance. I mentioned this to the captain as we stood on the bridge together. "Skipper," I said (I always call him Skipper), "Skipper, without that cheerful detail of guard duty, just what is one supposed to do in his spare time? Lounge in a deck chair alongside that rich, fascinating California gal? Play shuffleboard with that cute Oberlin girl? Or what?"

"Things ARE rough on the outside," he assured me.

So you get lined up with a beautiful gal. How are you going to make yourself presentable for the gala debarkation dance if those one-way Luxury Liners don't have the facilities for giving your clothes that sea bag press?

Then too, its downright embarrassing when the fragile young girls refuse to get seasick, even in the roughest of weather. Ah, for that PA war cry once: "I ain't seasick—just sick of the sea!"

Another thing is that the civilians aren't select enough. Hell, anyone with a little mustering-out-pay can ride the Luxury Liner, but only a few million privileged Marines can travel via APA.

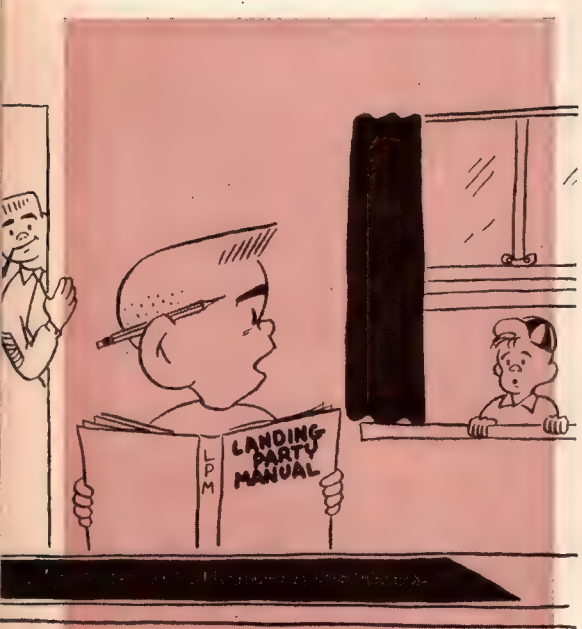
Guess I'll have to make the best of it, but I'm telling you, these civilians could learn a lot from the Navy. **END**

Leatherneck Laffs

"The Future Breed"

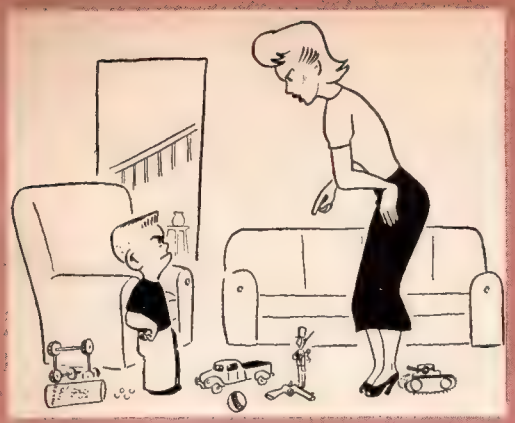
by CONLEY

SPUNK is what this twerp's got. Which might explain why the men of the First Marine Division were quick to take him in the ranks. G-2 postcards trickling in from Korea report he "swept the division like a tornado." Although he was born of American parentage (his daddy is Pfc Loy W. Conley, staff artist on *The First Word*) in faraway Korea, Junior is just a normal, healthy Gung Ho kid.



"I can't come out now! I'm doing my homework!"

"Your lunch is almost ready, Junior!"

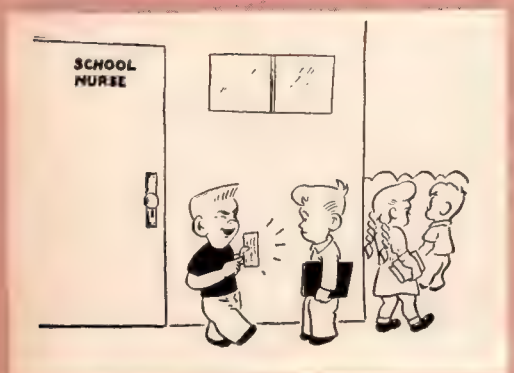


"Who are you calling a mean, old police sergeant?"

"Oh! Here comes the quartermaster after your flame-thrower!"

"What ya mean no seconds on ice-cream? Where's the O.D.?"

"Honey, are my blues back from the cleaners yet?"



"No duty!"

"We know POW rights too; what's your name?"

Photos by
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

THE BLUE ANGELS

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

TWELVE THOUSAND spectators at the Marine Corps Air Facility, Santa Ana, Calif., quickly turned to watch as a voice over the loudspeaker announced, "Approaching from the left is Marine Captain 'Chuck' Hiett, who will now execute an inverted pass over the field."

Seconds later, a blue Panther Jet swooped down to within 250 feet of the ground, flipped over on its back, and with blue and red colored water streaming from its wing tanks, whooshed past the field at a speed somewhere in the 500-miles-per-hour class.

Fifteen minutes and five maneuvers later, Capt. Charles O. Hiett set down on the field, cut the engine, and walked away from his brightly-colored aircraft. The first Marine flier to be assigned to the Navy's famed "Blue Angels" aerial acrobatic team had just completed his first public appearance.

The Blue Angels, one of the top military aerial acrobatic teams of all times, has performed for more than 20 million spectators in its eight years of existence. Formed in 1946, as a "flight demonstration team," the Angels have appeared at air shows throughout the United States and, except for a period during the Korean War when the pilots turned to the business at hand, have arranged three to five shows per month. Audience response to their spine-chilling performances could well give them a secondary name of "show stealers."

Today's Blue Angels are composed of a six-man flying team; four pilots who handle the precision flying chores; a solo performer who demonstrates maximum plane performance (a slot now filled by Capt. Hiett); and one spare pilot who can step in as a team or solo man in an emergency. There is no doubt that the team—all veterans of Korea—represents the best of Naval Aviation, but there are no prima donnas or "hot pilots" in the crew. Flight leader Lieutenant Commander Cormier sees to that.

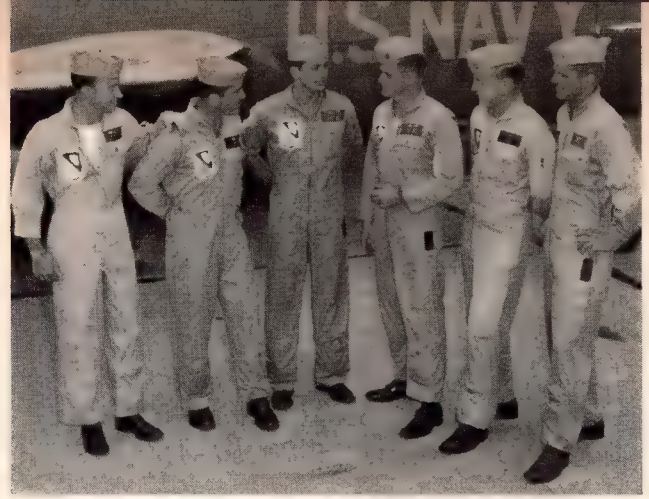
With 12 years of experience as a Naval Aviator and 10 confirmed World

War II Japanese kills to his credit, Richard "Zeke" Cormier keeps a close eye on his pilots. He runs the team with an informal and loose rein, but clamps down hard when any of his crew show signs of taking themselves too seriously. "There are no super pilots on the team," explains Cormier, "and there isn't a pilot in the Naval Service who couldn't step in and fill a slot with the Blue Angels." And Cormier's ego-deflating statement has been proved time and again through the history of the team. No pilot has ever been "busted out" of the Angels, although several have been accepted after only an oral interview. All of which speaks well for the careful screening and flight training of the Naval Aviator.

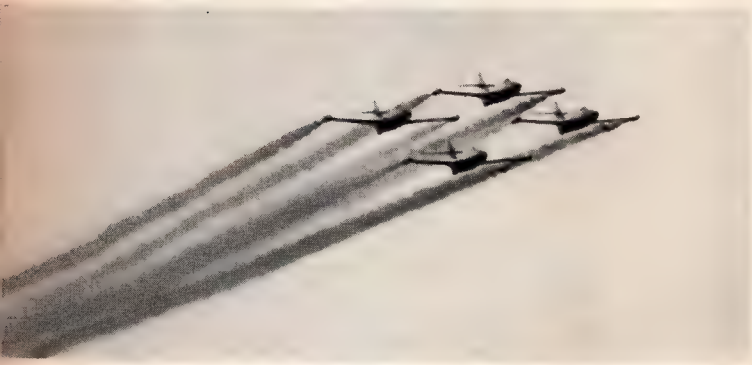
But from routine flying to four-man precision formations at better than 600 miles per hour with wing tips a scant five feet apart is, in the words of the Arkansas farm hand, a long row to hoe. The Blue Angels have accomplished that transformation by one simple expedient—practice and more practice. Each maneuver is rehearsed hundreds of times at high altitude. When a routine has been run through a dozen times with complete perfection, the team starts moving to lower levels,

TURN PAGE

The Blue Angels maintenance crewmen, enlisted jet specialists, watch every maneuver of the Navy's flight demonstration team. The mechs are charged with keeping the F9F Panther Jets in top condition



Captain Charles Hiett, third from right, was the first Marine to join the Navy team. He completed 127 missions in Korea



The Angels have performed for more than 20 million spectators during their eight years existence as an aerial acrobatic team

BLUE ANGELS (cont.)

and continues moving downward until they're practically on the ground. But one bobble anywhere along the way, and they move back up to a safe altitude and start again.

The Blue Angels and the Navy are quick to point out that they are not a "stunt team." The sight of the Angels landing in precision formation, with the planes so close that the pilots can almost read each other's instrument panel, may appear to be a dangerous maneuver—but to the pilots themselves, it's a simple tactical aerial move. True, it's done in formation, and for some of the maneuvers, at a lower altitude than usual, but as Capt. Hiett smilingly points out, "Every move we make is part of the stock-in-trade of a fighter pilot."

During one of their appearances, the four-man team operates from a diamond and the difficult echelon formation. From the diamond, the four Panther Jets execute barrel rolls, loops and Cuban eight maneuvers. Using the echelon, the team performs reverse echelon rolls, left echelon barrel and change-over rolls. During the demonstration, colored water is released from wing tip tanks to form dramatic, colored vapor trails behind the formation. After each maneuver, the team circles the field to line up for its next approach. To fill in the lapse of time between each team maneuver, the solo "maximum performance" pilot takes over. Each movement of his demonstration is designed to give the spectators a maximum performance view of the flight characteristics of the Panther Jet. This is where Capt. Hiett enters the picture.

The captain, who is a 25-year-old Korea vet with a record of 127 combat missions, joined the Blue Angels in January, 1954. The selection of a Marine for the team came about as a result of a decision by the Chief of Naval Operations and the Commandant of the Marine Corps, who felt that since Marine pilots received the same training as their Navy counterparts, the Marine Corps should be represented on the team. While stationed at Corpus Christi as an instructor in advanced aviation training, Hiett volunteered for the team, and was selected.

For the first four months of his tour with the Angels, Capt. Hiett served as spare pilot, and spent more than 120 hours in the air practicing with the team. When a member was transferred, Hiett stepped into the solo spot, making his first public appearance at the Santa Ana Marine Corps Air Facility, where a miniature airplane meet was in progress. In addition to the split-second precision required for his own maneuvering, Hiett must coordinate his movements with those of the team, finishing each of his runs as the close-flying jets are approaching for their next demonstration.

At the climax of the Blue Angel show, the four-man team executes a tight formation landing. As the four sets of wheels are just coming down on the runway, Hiett makes a 600-mile-per-hour pass over the top of the planes from the opposite direction, sending the spectators home—in many cases—muttering to themselves.

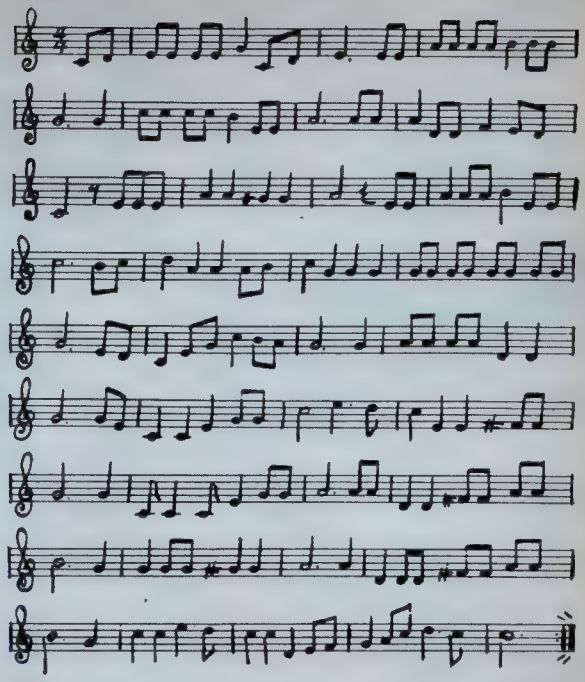
We asked Capt. Hiett if he had any qualms during his speed demonstrations, which at times are executed less than 100 feet off the runway. "Doesn't bother me a bit," said the captain. "I've practiced these moves so often it's almost second nature." Then he paused for a moment and added:

"But I don't like to sit on the ground and watch the team go through its paces. That just scares hell out of me."

END

Capt. Hiett flies the solo spot for the Angels. His part of the show is to fill in between the four-plane group acrobatics

Heaven's Scenes



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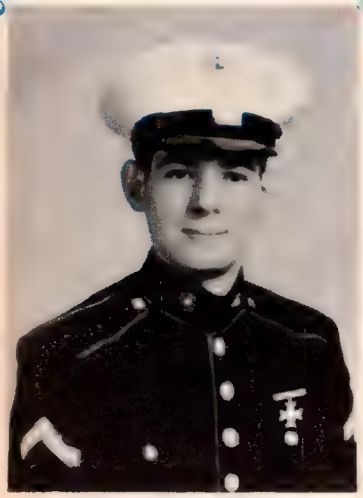


Pfc William N. Powell

ONE OF THE finest tributes we've ever seen was brought to our attention recently by the Marine Corps Band. It was in the form of a hymn, written by a mother who had lost her son in Korea. The boy's name was Pfc William N. Powell; his mother is Mrs. John Powell, formerly of Portsmouth, Ohio, and who now lives in Decatur, Georgia. The music to the song she originally entitled "God's Marine" is printed on this page.

When Lieutenant Colonel William F. Santelmann, leader of the Marine Band, saw the music he thought it would be an appropriate number for his band to play during the Marine Corps Iwo Jima War Memorial dedication ceremonies on November 10. A new arrangement was written for the 85-piece band and the title of the song was then changed to "Heaven's Scenes."

Then a thought occurred to us. Why not have the words rewritten so they might serve as an everlasting memorial to *all* Marines? Col. Santelmann OK'd the idea and plans to have a soloist sing the new lyrics when the War Memorial is dedicated.

But we are publishers, not song writers. Consequently, we turned to Mrs. Powell. She gave us permission to print the music and to ask our readers for help in writing new words to fit the music. We need two verses with the last refrain repeated.

If you are musically inclined and want to dedicate your lyrics to the memory of Marines, send us a letter. We will then mail you the musical score. Your lyrics, written to the music we send you, must be returned to us by October 1, 1954. A panel of judges from the Marine Band will select the best entry and the winning author will receive a $250.00 check from *Leatherneck Magazine*. Members of the U.S. Marine Band and the *Leatherneck* staff are not eligible.

Watch for the winning entry; it will be announced in the November, 1954, issue of *Leatherneck*. **END**

THI

"Are you telling me that I could
him, Lieutenant?" the Major aske
his eyes bloodening. "Are you hint
I am an atrophied, drooling, old

E BIGGER THEY COME

A powerful right hand lashes out of the blackness to transform an unruly bully into an amiable private

by Frank Scott York

"McCLAWS HAS been fighting again," I told Major Deitz. "As usual, I have no proof of it except for Private Jensen's shiners and slightly mashed nose . . ."

The Major silenced me with the drumming of sausage-like fingers on the desk-top. It signified extreme irritation. So extreme, the entire desk vibrated. The Major is six-foot-four inches in longitude and about as flabby as a slab of mahogany. "So," he rumbled. "Something will have to be done about McLaws. How many fights does this make since he joined us?"

"I figure twenty-four. He should have run through the entire company by Christmas and the division by Easter. He seems to be picking up speed."

The fingers increased their tempo and now the walls trembled slightly. "A big man, this McLaws, eh Lieutenant?"

"That's the trouble, sir. He's the biggest man I've ever seen. If I could only catch him fighting it would be his you-know-what but the men seem to feel it is their problem. They are determined to find a champion in their midst . . . hopeless, of course."

"You don't think any of our boys can take him?"

"Not a chance, sir. The man loves to fight. Combine that with two hundred and thirty pounds of brawn, a jaw like the prow of the *New Jersey* and arms like tree trunks, well . . ."

"I weigh two-twenty, Lieutenant," the Major said wistfully. "I'll bet . . ."

"Sir," I reprimanded with the freedom of old acquaintanceship, "that would be out of the question. A private and a major do not . . ."

"I know, I know," he barked. "You don't have to rub it in." He flexed his big fist and looked down at it sadly. "But I wish I could be a private again for about an hour. I've caught that bird eyeing me up like he thinks he could take me. Oh, nothing out of line, he's probably not even aware of it. And let's face it, he's a damn good man to have around. I don't want to lose him. But what I'd give to have just an hour in a closed room . . ."

"Major," I said, stressing the rank, "so's you won't lose sleep thinking about it, let me remind you, you're ten years older than McLaws and perhaps a trifle past your prime . . . while you were eating atabrine in the Pacific, he was drinking milk and probably beating the hell out of six brothers."

"Are you telling me I couldn't take him, Lieutenant?" the Major said silkily, his eyes bloodening. "Are you hinting that at thirty-six I am an atrophied, senile, flabby, drooling old man?"

"No sir!" I said, outraged. "I am merely hinting that your energies would be more appropriately suited to some less strenuous pastime than fighting. Golf or chess or . . ."

"Lieutenant," the Major roared, "You're taking your finger off your number, not to mention the risk of a busted jaw."

I let it pass. Major Deitz was an enlisted man himself for a long time.

TURN PAGE

"What are we going to do about it, sir?"

He was silent for a moment, then shrugged. "Unless we actually catch him, what can we do? None of my boys are going to come running to papa because they got licked, and if they did . . ." He grumbled ominously. "But, of course, we can't allow the finest infantry company in the Corps to be slowly cut into hamburger by this big oaf."

"Duncan, Perry, Gladston," I recited sadly. "All our toughest boys have been cut down by McLaws."

"Keep your ears open. If you hear anything of when the next fight comes off . . ."

"I'll tell you immediately," I assured him. "Before they get a chance to . . ."

"Don't be such an eager-beaver," he complained. "Afterwards is soon enough. Maybe it will be the one that puts the big clown out of business."

"No sir," I said, shaking my head. "I have not yet seen the man who could take McLaws."

He glared at me, hunched his shoulders in dismissal and I went about my business which, at the moment, was a weapons school at the range. We were more or less on standby, awaiting overseas orders, and as I marched the company to class I was reflecting how nice it would be if McLaws got his lumps before we shipped out. It was kind of a strange attitude on my part but I was just as proud of the outfit as the Major and I didn't want any newcomer getting bored for lack of a good fight if he was looking for one. And Private McLaws had looked for little else.

It was a beautiful Spring day and we route-stepped. The men skylarked and kidded in ranks but there was plenty of griping too and I gathered morale was normal. Then, McLaws, who had been striding peaceably along at the head of the company turned and growled, "I got a headache. Shaddup."

He must have figured I was out of earshot and I didn't say anything. I wanted to see how the men reacted.

They reacted fine.

"Shaddup yourself, plowjockey."

"Drop dead, ape."

"Big clown."

"Applehead."

"McLaws, why don't you check back into the zoo?"

I pretended to admire a cloud formation. From the corner of my eye I saw McLaws grin happily. "All right," he laughed. "Who speaks for all?"

"I do," Chenoweth sang out; "1600, behind the head."

"Bring your own band-aids," McLaws replied with a happy sigh. He faced forward, his big shoulders shifting the way the Major's had and the subject was forgotten.

I reflected thoughtfully on what had happened. Evidently, the men had agreed among themselves to go right down the roster in answering McLaws' challenges, probably skipping the feather-merchants if they would permit themselves to be skipped. I glanced back at Chenoweth and he nodded at me innocently. Chenoweth was about my size, six even, one-ninety counting ten pounds for the boondockers. Chenoweth did not look unhappy, but whether he knew it or not, he was bound to be hammered into dust. I sighed unhappily. I admired more clouds so the men wouldn't think I'd heard anything.

At exactly fifteen-fifty-nine that evening I made it my business to be in the company area. The street was empty and there was no noise whatever from the direction of the head. I started toward it briskly to do my duty

but unfortunately my shoelace broke and repairing it took eight precious minutes. By that time the men were returning. I stared at their unhappy faces and knew what had happened. McLaws breezed by me with a gravely courteous salute.

Chenoweth staggered by next, his eyes already closing and a lump the size and color of a plum on his jaw. He saluted groggily and mumbled something about walking into a lister bag. I reported back to Major Deitz.

This time the fingers almost knocked splinters from his desk. He made several pungent comments which I am not at liberty to recite. Then he said, "Lieutenant, sit down a minute."

He picked up the phone and called someone in such low mumbles I caught none of it. When he hung up he was grinning. "An old buddy of mine from the First checked in today. He hasn't been assigned yet but I want to introduce you. Old Satchel Fresco."

"Gunny Fresco?" I said incredulously. "The heavyweight?"

"None other. I knew him well during the war. They say he's kept himself in good shape." The Major smiled nostalgically. "I remember once he knocked the Pacific fleet champion fourteen feet across the deck into the arms of an admiral. A real, tough boy, Gunny Fresco."

"Sir," I said with dignity, "surely you're not thinking of fomenting a fight?"

"I just said I wanted you to meet him, didn't I?" the Major bellowed. "Don't jump to conclusions!"

When Gunny Fresco arrived I stood up and gaped. He and the Major crowded the office to capacity. The Major seemed to completely forget rank and the two giants shook hands, pounded each other's shoulders and carried on like schoolboys.

Gunny towered to the same layer of stratosphere as the Major and perhaps the only difference in brawn was that the Gunny appeared more muscular between the ears. "A Major now," he crowed. "What is this outfit comin' to when they pin the poison-oak on the likes of old 'Stinky' Deitz?"

"Sergeant!" I protested stiffly.

Gunny blushed violet and mumbled, "Oops, sorry Major."

"Forget it," the Major bellowed, glaring at me. "The Lieutenant is a little rank-conscious. It's providence, you being transferred Gunny. I hope I can get you. Meanwhile, I have a little problem which I thought you might be able to help me with."

"Anything at all," Gunny Fresco said generously.

"Major!" I protested stiffly again.

He ignored me. "It seems we got a big clown in the company who has been successfully kicking the stuff out of every man in it. He's big and tough, Gunny. And," the Major snorted, "he's ten years younger than us."

Gunny's ears were wagging like a war-dog's tail and he gave a bellow of happiness . . . "Major, if there's anything that upsets me, it's a bully."

"I know that," the Major said warmly.

"And I haven't had a decent fight in months."

"Imagine," the Major grinned.

"You say he's a big fellow?"

"He's got an inch and ten pounds on you, Gunny."

Gunny pounded his knee. "The nerve of him!"

"Of course," the Major said severely, "I'm only telling you this. I will also tell you where his tent is. But I expect you to go straight back to your quarters when you leave here. I'm certainly not trying to . . ."

"Of course, not," Gunny said understandingly. "The Major and I both realize the seriousness of fighting out of rank and ring."

"Major," I said weakly, "I really don't think . . ."

"Lieutenant," he told me softly, "you knew of the fight between Chenoweth and McLaws earlier this evening?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"And you didn't attempt to break it up."

"My shoelace . . ."

"And you allowed Private McLaws to maul Private Chenoweth while you were in earshot of the disturbance? A lieutenant permitting this sort of thing when he had all the facts beforehand?"

"A very serious thing, sir," Gunny said to me sympathetically. "It could go hard on you."

"I . . ." I closed my mouth. Eight minutes *was* rather a long time to repair a broken shoelace.

Gunny yawned and looked at his watch. "Well, Major, I hate to cut short this reunion but I'm sort of fagged out. I enjoyed hearing about this fellow . . . uh . . ."

"McLaws, Private Thomas T.," the Major said softly.

"McLaws," Gunny nodded, "who, if he had visitors, could be located at . . . uh . . ."

"Third tent on the starboard side, facing down the company street."

"Yessir. Now, I will bid you a . . ."

"You might get lost in the dark," the Major said. "There's no moon and I wouldn't want you to trip up." He seemed to be talking to himself. "It wouldn't be very kind of me to let you stumble around in the dark trying to find your way back . . ."

"Major!" I said, shocked to the core.

"Very kind of you, sir," Gunny nodded. "If you're sure you want to."

"Lieutenant, hold the fort down. I expect to be back shortly." Major Deitz snapped his cap on and the two big men double-timed out of the office.

McLaws, I thought, will be a very happy man. Two fights in one night. And if by chance Gunny Fresco hit the deck first an impossible situation would become intolerable. For when McLaws discovered he'd decked a former fleet champion there'd be no living with the man. Like the Major, I wanted him with us but as part of the team and not as a grandstander who thought he couldn't be licked. It was a dangerous situation.

So dangerous I had to see for myself what happened.

It was dark outside and I tangled with a G.I. can and any number of tent ropes in fumbling my way to the scene of action. The tent area had not yet been wired for lighting which, I imagine, was the reason the Major had decided to accompany his old pal, Gunny Fresco. I skulked along in the shadows until I heard Gunny's voice in the third tent. "I'm lost," he was saying. "Could any of you fellows direct me to the administration building?"

I could see his big body in the entrance of the tent, silhouetted in the candlelight from within.

"Sure," someone said. "You go straight down the line until you hit the . . ."

"Ain't you a big one," I heard McLaws say. "I'll bet you'd fall like a tree if I hit you."

"What was that, sonny?" Gunny said.

"How about mixing it up with me?" McLaws asked. "Just to give the boys a laugh."

"You mean you want to fight me?" Gunny said softly.

"Unless you're scared. If you're scared I won't insist. No hard feelings about it."

"He's sure no one can lick him," a voice explained to Gunny. "He's our problem. Just move on, Mac."

"He interests me. Would you like to step outside or do I come in after you?"

"I'm coming out," McLaws said

happily. "Business is picking up around here."

"They'll be picking you up in a minute," Gunny said, moving back and spitting on his hands.

"Tallyho," McLaws said as he sailed out of the tent.

It was over so quickly the others missed all but the finish. I saw two shadows in the center of the street circle each other for a moment. McLaws lunged forward, his big arms flailing. There were three sharp cracks and he stopped short as though he'd run into a wall. With the fourth crack I caught the blur of Gunny's white fist slicing off McLaws' jaw and the man started to sway but he stayed up, feebly trying to get his hands up. That battleship jaw of his.

The next punch did the trick though. McLaws fell back slowly and when he hit the deck the tent next to me almost jumped its pegs. I drew a deep breath of relief, threw a mental salute to the chuckling shadow that was Gunny Fresco and beat it back to the office before I could be seen. Behind me, men were cheering.

I felt so good I lit up a cigar while I waited for the Major to return. To my mind, Gunny deserved some sort of statue or memorial erected in his honor. The fact that McLaws had never even gotten his hands up made victory all the sweeter. I concluded we would have a much more amiable and easier-to-live-with Private on our hands. One of these days he might even make a good NCO.

The door flew open and Gunny Fresco came in. He was panting and looked very unhappy.

"Gunny," I said, throwing rank to the winds. "That was the sweetest thing I've ever seen. I want to shake your powerful right hand."

"Where's the Major?" Gunny asked sorrowfully.

"I thought he was with you?"

"He was but he ain't now." Gunny swallowed hard and stood at attention. "Sir, will you kindly relay a message to him for me? Tell him it was a pretty low thing he did."

I stared at him "Tell him what?"

"Pulling me over on my back like he did. I could have sprained something."

"Sergeant, what are you talking about?"

"Just what I said. I was all set to teach your problem child a lesson when a hand clamps on my shoulder and tosses me. When I got up, McLaws was sound asleep on the deck and the Major was gone." Gunny shook his head reproachfully. "If it wasn't for his rank I'd have more to say about it. Much more. Tell him for me though that it was a pretty low trick."

"I'll tell him," I promised, setting the cigar down shakily.

Major Deitz came in quietly twenty minutes later. He didn't look at me but he was humming quietly. I stood up and started to leave.

The Major looked at me briefly. "Gunny did a great job," he mumbled.

"So he told me, sir."

"He was back here?"

"Yes sir."

The Major looked like a small boy whose hands had been caught in the jam. He sucked his knuckles and I saw it wasn't jam at that. "That's all, Lieutenant. Goodnight."

"I was wrong, sir."

"What?"

I coughed violently so he couldn't see my face. "You're much too young yet to take up golf."

"What are you talking about?" the Major asked irritably and I saw the subject was closed for good.

And it was, on all scores.

Private McLaws is a different man as far as the company is concerned. Gentle and quiet as a collie. I notice, however, when he salutes Major Deitz, he damn near breaks his wrist getting his arm up. Collies aren't dumb.

END

Clayne Jensen, Camp Pendleton, cleared the 220-yard low hurdles in the record-breaking time of 24.2 seconds during the All-Marine meet

A. Kohanowich, from the Marine Corps Air Station at Miami, Fla., won the All-Marine high jump by sailing over the crossbar at 6' 3"

Miler Wes Santee and spearman Bill Miller flank All-Marine ref, Pincus Sober. All three were on the U.S. Olympic Team in 1952

CINDER CIRCUS

Ervin York, Camp Pendleton, outdistanced all competitors in the All-Marine hammer throw. His toss covered 123' 2" to win

Ancient Romans called them public games; nowadays they are track and field meets

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

IT WOULD BE unfair—and incorrect—to deny Quantico's Wes Santee the center ring at the cinder circus which occupied Livers-edge Field at Camp Lejeune late last June. The All-Marine and the Inter-Service track and field meets for 1954 were held there six days apart, and in both, Santee delighted the spectators. When he took off his spikes, there were three new entries in the All-Marine record book.

The former Kansas trackman made his initial showing under Marine colors in the one mile run, the race which could be accurately called his specialty, or his destiny. Although Lejeune's cinder circle admittedly is not among the fastest in the country, onlookers hoped they might see the time barrier broken and what was then the world's mile mark—3:59.6, posted by Roger Bannister—surpassed.

Santee broke from the pack with the starter's gun and loped ahead while the others struggled for the "place" and "show" positions. Seemingly effortless strides turned him into the home stretch and the khaki-filled bleachers rooted him across the finish line.

An erroneous public address announcement of the winning time ignited the crowd to another blast of applause: "Four minutes and seven-tenths of a second," boomed the loud-speakers. Someone had added a zero while transmitting the official time to the press box. The correction, when it came, did not detract from Santee's run, nor the crowd's appreciation. Marines who felt cheated of something-to-tell-their-grandchildren, yet elated with Santee's marvelous race, cheered some more. The correct time, 4:07, set a new All-Marine statistic, beating the old mark of 4:23.3. Charles Benfield of Quantico, who came in second and crossed the line considerably after his teammate, was clocked at 4:32.7.

Santee's second notch on the All-Marine scoreboard came during the 880-yard run when the Kansas Comet chopped five and one-tenth seconds off the record set last year by Jerome Walters. The new mark, 1:52.3, along with the mile figure, should stand for a lengthy time in All-Marine competition or until Santee runs again in these events.

Still another standard to fall was the mile relay, won by a Quantico quartet whose roster included Joe Schatzle, Jack Allen, Tom Vorhees and Santee. Respective times for the winning foursome—Schatzle, 51.5; Allen, 50.5; Vorhees, 50.1; Santee, 49.3—totaled 3:21.4. The anchor was sailing, not dragging.

Attention was focused on Santee partly because of the national fame he has earned but mainly because of the outstanding ability which has made him prominent. But the talents of the Marines in other events were not overlooked. Walter Taylor, a member of another outstanding Camp Pendleton crew, competed with a wide swathe of bandage on his left thigh to protect a pulled muscle. He tied the mark for the 100-yard dash by sprinting across the tape in 9.8 seconds. Another Penite, Clayne Jensen, became

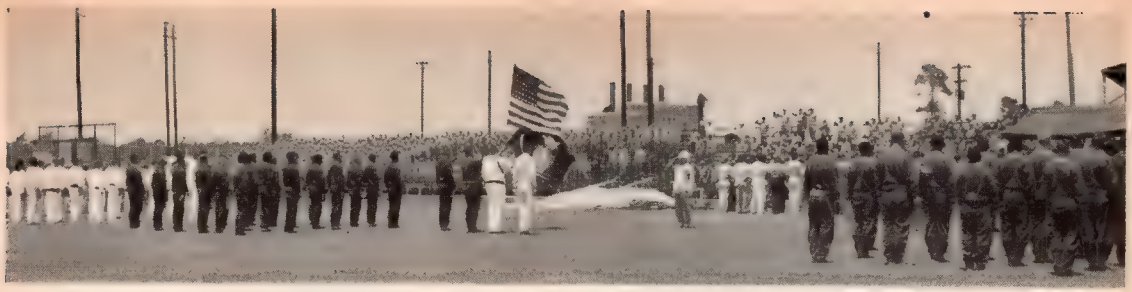
TURN PAGE

Olympic runner-up, Bill Miller, cornered the javelin events in both the '54 All-Marine and the Inter-Service meets at Lejeune

Camp Lejeune's Howard Bankston (above), Charlie Stevenson, Camp Pendleton, were tied for first place in the All-Marine pole vault at 13'

Injured Walter Taylor, of Camp Pendleton, tied the All-Marine record for the 100-yard dash when he broke the tape at a fast 0:9.8 seconds

Freak photo caught a one-legged Wes Santee finishing the All-Marine mile in 4:07. The Kansas Comet came down the stretch far in front



The Parade of Contestants and the National Anthem marked the opening of the 1954 Inter-Service Track and Field Meet. Athletes representing five branches of the service competed at Camp Lejeune this year

CINDER CIRCUS (cont.)

a double winner by finishing the 120-yard high hurdles in 15 seconds flat, then setting a new All-Marine record for the 220-yard low hurdles at 24.2 seconds. The previous record time was 24.5 seconds. Pendleton gained another victory in the track portion of the meet when Don Smith cleared the 440-yard hurdles in 55.1 seconds to establish a new record.

Contestants in the eight field events failed to topple any of the existing records. Bill Miller, the former Olympic star currently stationed at Camp Pendleton, pushed the javelin 228 feet, 10 inches, but that was more than three feet under the record toss of 232 feet, 2½ inches he made last season.

This year, a Triathlon was added to the schedule. The three-event affair—shooting, swimming and running—was won by Vorhees of Quantico, with 2466.7 points.

In the colorful Inter-Service fray, the Marine competitors almost followed Lejeune's SOP for portraying the perfect host, and finished third. A powerful Army team amassed 113 points—more than the total points awarded to the Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force—to walk off with the meet. Despite a sweltering sun (the temperature was recorded at 101 degrees in the shade) which bathed the participating athletes continuously, eight records were broken.

The Corps finished first four times as a result of Santee's new Inter-Service mile—4:12.6; Jensen's victory in the 220-low hurdles—23.5 seconds, a new record; Miller's winning javelin throw—224 feet, 9½ inches; and Santee's three mile run. Wes didn't set a record in that race but he treated the fans to an electrifying finish. For 11 laps he placidly stayed one pace behind the Navy's Joe Tyler. At the start of the 12th and final lap, he pulled out the chocks and left Tyler plodding in the distance. Santee stopped the clock at 14.49.3.

ALL-MARINE RESULTS

100-YARD DASH—1-Walter Taylor, Camp Pendleton; 2-Joseph Schatzle, Quantico; 3-Charles Washington, Camp Lejeune. Time: 0:9.8 (Tied All-Marine Record)

220-YARD DASH—1-Joseph Schatzle, Quantico; 2-Donald Bingham, Quantico;

(continued on page 78)

All-Marine Track-Field Team for 1954, l-r, 1st row: Lieut. Jack Warner, coach; Phil Carroll, Lejeune; Jim Hodges, Lejeune; Howard Bankston, Lejeune; John Allen, Quantico; Joseph Schatzle, Quantico; Charles Benfield, Quantico; Tom Vorhees, Quantico; John Parker, Pendleton; Sgt. Z. Wester, manager. 2nd row: Ralph Hudson, Lejeune; Raymond Scott, Lejeune; Wesley Santee, Quantico; Arthur Garcia, Quantico; C. Stevenson, Pendleton; Mose Hunter, Pendleton; Walter Taylor, Pendleton. 3d row: Ron Buckner, Lejeune; Mel Sanderson, Pendleton; Gerald Eastham, Pendleton; Bill Bodmer, Quantico; R. Brautigan, Miami; Theodore Francis, Lejeune. 4th row: HM3 Robert Sepulveda, trainer; Charles Washington, Lejeune; Don Walker, Lejeune; Don Smith, Pendleton; and Clayne Jensen of Pendleton

"Whaddya mean, NO PAY?"

by MSgt. A. L. Petry

BENNY STALKED INTO the shack, slamming the door behind him. His face was livid. His fingers worked back and forth like he was mentally strangling someone.

"What's the matter, Benny?" I asked.

Benny exploded. "Those nitwits at the pay office. They got my pay all fouled up again. They said I haven't got anything coming. That's a hot one. I don't get paid for two months. And I have to come seven thousand miles to this place to find out I haven't got any money coming."

"What did they tell you?"

"Oh, they said something about travel. I don't know what they were talking about. I'm no pay clerk. That's their worry. One thing, though. I'd like to know how the Corps gets so many stupes in one department. They sure don't show me much in that pay office . . . loan me ten, will you?"

I went along with Benny, at first. And all of the rest of the guys, maybe including you, who have been in his fix at one time or another. I thought that pay office really had its wires crossed too often. But two hours later I had changed my mind.

The pay office hadn't crossed up Benny's account; he had done that himself. And a man, whether he's private or master sergeant, should know a little about the way the pay people operate. Benny was wrong, too, figuring that his pay is just the disbursing office's worry. It's his too. And he was off base thinking that the pay office is staffed with a lot of stupes.

I came to these conclusions after I talked to a couple of master sergeants —Charles Epperson and John Rosner— who dug into 23 years of experience in handling pay problems to set me straight.

"There are three general categories where a man's pay gets fouled up the most," Sgt. Epperson said. "Travel, allotments, and changes in the individual's status. Liquidation of travel gives us and the men more headaches than all the rest of them combined."

"Liquidation?" I asked.

"Liquidation of travel," Epperson repeated. "It isn't as complicated as

Benny cried when the paymaster said, "Sorry, no loot." It was his own fault

it sounds. If a man would just take time out to get it straight in his mind he'd find out how it works. . .

"Suppose a man is transferred from Quantico to Pendleton for further transfer overseas. He draws advance travel. It's charged against him on his pay card. If he goes over the hill or, somehow by his own misconduct, doesn't get to his new duty station, the government won't get stuck."

"You know Uncle Sugar's not going to lose out when it comes to money if he can help it," Rosner remarked.

"So our man," Epperson continued, "picks up his records and takes off. He reports into Pendleton like he's supposed to, turns in his orders and records, and sits back and waits. Somewhere along the line he's been told that he should get a reporting endorsement on his orders, and then take them to the disbursing office for another endorsement crediting him with performing the travel. Then he's given a credit on his pay card for the amount of travel advanced. Then everything's okeh."

So, as you can see, the system's foolproof, it's four-oh. Except, to put it bluntly, some people don't believe in doing what they're told. Instead of no sweat as the man just described, they put off chores involving their pay until some other time. That's when they really mess themselves up, as Benny did.

They perform the travel, keeping their noses clean as they do. They turn in their orders. They pick them up. But they don't run them by the pay office for that five minutes of work that would save them hours of grief later on. They don't get worried until they get the answer Benny got.

"We sympathize with these people," Sgt. Rosner said, "but we have no authority to make a single change on a man's pay record. We've got to have the C. O.'s signature before we can change a pay card. Even if we know that a man's made the travel, has his orders in his hands, and wants to get straightened out, if he doesn't have that endorsement there's nothing we can do."

Benny got his endorsement before he left the States all right. But he failed to go by the pay office with it. So, when he got overseas he was still overpaid, what with two allotments out. Everything was squared away ONLY after he got his travel liquidated. But I still had to lend him ten bucks until payday.

Concerning the second big headache, Sgt. Rosner said, "Allotments are troublesome because they are not filled out properly. The man's name is spelled wrong. Or his serial number isn't right. Or he signs the form wrong. Or there are erasures. So we have to bounce the allotment."

Sometimes the man doesn't get the word from his company or squadron office that the allotment has been "bounced" and he goes blissfully on his way, thinking that mama is getting those extra bucks, or that his savings are piling up in his hometown bank.

"When a man makes out an allotment," Rosner went on, "he should never take it for granted that it has gone through. And never, never sign a blank allotment form. Always wait until the company clerk has filled it out and you're sure it's correct before you sign it. Just remember what we said before. We can't touch anything connected with pay, we can't correct an allotment or change a single letter or figure on a man's pay card, even though we know it's wrong. We just have to bounce it, in case of the allotment. All authorization for changes must come through the man's commanding officer."

Lack of this authorization Sgt. Rosner was talking about often results in your getting less money on payday than you've counted on. So, if there is any change in your status, make sure your company pay clerk has sent the information to the pay office, then make sure the pay office has made the adjustment on your pay card.

"For instance," Sgt. Epperson explained, "a man entering a new pay period should notify his company pay clerk a few days in advance. Most of the time they are on the ball and have this information in to us well ahead. But it still pays to check. I remember when I went over 18. It was several months before I got the increase because the company's clerk failed to submit the proper form. And here I work in pay."

The forms he referred to are known as the "800 series," and cover all changes in an individual's status.

"This same advice goes for a man being promoted," Epperson said. "Or for a married man drawing commuted rations. And for any checkages for loss of property or for clothing purchased."

"Whenever there's any doubt in a man's mind," Sgt. Rosner broke in, "he should check first with his company pay clerk, then with his pay office. We're not perfect. Neither are the company pay clerks. But we can both do a better job if the men know a little about what we're doing and if they'll remember to take care of a few simple details."

So, if any of these categories affect you, don't be a Benny. Don't blame the disbursing office for having a "bunch of hair-brained idiots."

If there's a foul-up in your pay account, or if there's a change of any kind in your status, allotments started or stopped, or travel performed where travel money is advanced, don't leave it up to somebody else to take care of it for you. Don't say, "That's their worry." After all, it's your money.

If you'll just keep those few things in mind, chances are good that you'll never again have to yell: "Wha'da'ya mean, no pay?" **END**

If I Were Commandant

Checks for $25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on this page. In future issues, Leatherneck *will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring* you *a check. Jot it down and mail it to* Leatherneck, *P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.*

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would not only stress economy, but would put my recruiters in vehicles more economical than the present modern and ancient gas-eating pick-up variety. These vehicles not only consume more fuel, but are tough on a recruiter's uniform . . . especially that shoe-shine! Imagine a big business executive paying a call to a prospect in a "truck!" We are a big business . . . we sell the best product in the country . . . we are noted and respected by most . . . and we should at least be on par with our counterpart, the USA & USAF. Yes, I would sharpen up my recruiters, give them the best, save money too! The source of our Marines largely depends on the recruiting service. Can you imagine a "truck-full" of applicants or prospects having to ride in the back of a truck . . . a taste of the greatest outfit in the world, the U. S. Marines!

Leonard S. Potocki
MSgt., USMC
NCOinC, USMCRSS
Tacoma, Washington

Dear Sir:

"If I were Commandant"—I would put the whole Marine Corps in blues. And, here's how I'd do it:

1. Dye present stocks of tropical worsted sky blue and issue two sets to all hands. Pick up all khaki.

2. Eliminate all khaki as a uniform. Sell present stocks and uniforms picked up.

3. Issue present blues on basis of two sets per individual. Pick up all greens and utilities as organizational property.

This results in uniforms as follows:

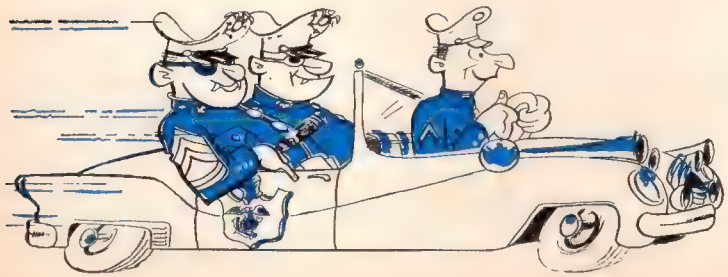
Summer—Tropical worsted blues w/gold stripes, hash marks and ornaments and no ties for liberty, office work, parades, guard, etc. Utilities for training, work details, field and fighting.

Winter—Present blues for liberty, office work, parades, guard, etc. (blue shirt under blouse so blouse can be removed where appropriate). Greens, arctic clothing, cold weather gear, utilities as appropriate for training, work details, field and fighting (green combat jacket w/collar turned up and no shirt).

The troops then only have to carry one uniform—"blues," one cap, one type button, stripe, hashmark, ornament.

Oh, yes, dye the overcoats and raincoats dark blue to match the blue blouse.

Sincerely,
H. B. Benge
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant; I would issue a general order to the effect that Marine graduates of Naval or Marine schools, who attain a certain high class standing or high grade in the school which they attend be given a choice of duty stations to be transferred to or, at least, be allowed to transfer from their present duty station if they feel they could work much more proficiently at a different base. Many Marine schools give the top two or three men their choice of duty stations, but what about the person who is going to school on TAD? It seems that he should be given a corresponding reward for his hard work. It would also give him something to strive and work harder for.

Sincerely yours,
Pfc Willis F. Overton, Jr.

Dear Sirs:

If I were Commandant of the U.S.M.C. I would do the following:

(1) Make it a basic requirement that all Staff NCOs and Sgts. be graduates of the NCO Leadership Schools in order to be eligible for promotion.

(2) Issue every Marine one weapon according to his rank and let him keep it until he gets discharged or promoted to a rank which requires another type weapon.

(3) Promote less to the Staff grade until the U.S.M.C. is balanced properly.

(4) Reestablish the ranks of Gunnery Sgt., Plt Sgt., 1stSgt. and Sgt. Maj. Put a bursting bomb in the center of the Plt. Sgt. and Gunnery Sgts. rocker, a diamond in the center of 1stSgts. and Sgt. Maj.

(5) Give all enlisted men $5.00 extra a month if they fire expert with the rifle, and take $5.00 a month out of the pay of all persons who fail to qualify.

(6) Restore the Sam Browne Belt for Officers, and require the OOD to wear a sword while on duty.

Garrison O. Schuler
TSgt., USMC
Marine Bks. Navy #115
c/o FPO New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Since I am a Drill Buster at MCRD, San Diego, I have a few opinions of my own that I would like to add to the growing list.

If I were Commandant, I'd restore the swagger stick to sergeants to add to their military appearance—and to keep hands out of pockets.

Throughout the Corps, I would provide separate messes for sergeants to regain some of the prestige that has been lost in the last five years.

In addition, I think a free hand should be given to all drill instructors so we can turn out nothing less than the best in Basic Marines for the Corps. At this time the Corps lacks strict discipline.

I hope that other true Marines feel the same as I do about the ideas that have been mentioned in this letter.

Sgt. J. L. Krivanek
1126896, USMC
2nd RecTrnBn, "A" Co,
MCRD, San Diego 40, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If I were Commandant, I would attempt to bring the promotion system as it now exists for Sergeants and below back into line.

The system is basically a good one, except that the proficiency mark is assigned a factor of ten in the figuring of composite scores. As few Commanding Officers assign proficiency marks lower than 5, there is little variation between the composite score of an excellent Marine and a Marine who comes a little lower on the scale.

I would, if I were Commandant, promulgate a regulation; *requiring* Commanding Officers throughout the Marine Corps to adhere to what are now the suggested markings shown on the reverse of page four of the enlisted service record book, with only a small percentage of variation allowed for unusual cases.

Marines are Marines everywhere and, except in very small detachments or other units, you should be able to find:

4 percent deserving a mark of 9
7 percent deserving a mark of 8
12 percent deserving a mark of 7
17 percent deserving a mark of 6
20 percent deserving a mark of 5
17 percent deserving a mark of 4
12 percent deserving a mark of 3
7 percent deserving a mark of 2
4 percent deserving a mark of 1

Draw a double line under all past proficiency marks and start over with the system as it was designed to be used and you will have a fairer promotion system!

Many, many young Marines claim that promotion is not accomplished on the basis of ability and performance of duty; right now, they're partially right.

W. E. Clemens
Capt., USMC
HqCo Mar Bks
Clarksville Base
Clarksville, Tenn.

END

"Woof! Woof! . . . . . WOOF!!!"

Leatherneck Magazine

The ear-popping noises of battle grew louder as the Marines closed the distance to the enemy and started dickering for fire superiority

After "Hell Hill" they had trained hard. Now the sharp reflexes were dissipating

THE DULL EDGE

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

IT HAD BEEN almost a month since the wounded Second Lieutenant Sweeny had gone whirly-birding back to a rear area hospital and Drum had taken over the 1st Platoon, Baker Company.

"Just 'til we can get a replacement," Captain Roper, the company commander, had said. "You can manage for a few days."

Sure, the platoon sergeant recounted in his mind, but how many are a few days? Drum wasn't worried about handling the platoon. No sweat there. In the past 11 years, he'd served with enough good leaders to salt away plenty of the finer points of the military machine. And he had enough combat under his cartridge belt to keep from getting flustered over a tiny tribulation like a platoon command.

"What's wrong, then?" was a puzzle that he couldn't answer, although it gnawed at his mind constantly. Worse, the troops were falling out of step, too. After the big push through "Hell Hill," the battalion had gone into reserve and spent three weeks at hard training but now the tune-up was evidently ended. Everyone relaxed and watched while their fine edge seemed to dull. Even The Kid was getting shook and had almost chewed off his fingernails. Drum pulled a cigar from a pocket, bit through the cellophane and spit the piece of tobacco at the ground angrily.

"Something's sad with this outfit," he told Fry, the platoon guide. "Maybe the Skipper's got a solution. I know I ain't."

Before taking off to find the captain, Drum left Sergeant Price, from the 1st Squad, in charge. "See if you can find out what's troubling these people," Price said. "Don't know what it is but everybody in this battalion except me seems to be going to pot."

"Yeah," the platoon sergeant snorted. "Everybody but you."

When Drum returned to the platoon area a couple of hours later, smoke was streaming from a fresh cigar like it was a locomotive dragging a heavy freight. His mood had changed.

"Here's the word," he began when Price, Jeffries and Wrigley—the squad leaders—assembled. "We went into reserve after a hot scrap. They ran us through the boonies day and night for three weeks, then quit. Now, we're fed up with six days of doing nothing. Actually, all that's wrong with us is we were almost over-trained. Now we're spoiling for a fight. Tomorrow, we're back in action."

"You mean we're hotsie-trotsie?" Price asked. "Sounds screwy—but it oughta' put some snap back in this outfit."

Drum let the others add their comments, then took over. "Awright, listen up."

A map came out, was unfolded on the ground and Drum brought his squad leaders up to date. The Division's attack had continued following the success at Hell Hill and forced the enemy to pull back to the edge of Deep River where they threw up a strong rear guard action. There the Marines formed a new Main Line of Resistance while they took time to reorganize before another scrap with the enemy.

"Just to catch our breath, as it were," Drum said.

But the present position, some 300 yards from the near bank of the river, was considered poor from a tactical viewpoint. The enemy held a beachhead from which it could counter-

TURN PAGE

attack. Tomorrow's action was designed to gain the territory between the present MLR and the water's edge. Any new attack on a sizeable scale probably would be launched from there when the moment arrived. Supply lines had been moved up and evacuation plans formulated. Neither was designed to interfere with the continuity of the tactical scheme.

"You can see River Road here on the map," Drum said, running his forefinger back and forth along a pair of parallel lines on the map. "Intelligence reports claim the enemy has dug in on the river side of the road and they're spread out across our battalion's whole front. Baker Company's zone of action is about 200 yards wide, on the port side of the battalion. We'll be the company's left flank. We're to push 'em into the water, then dig in, in case they try to come back."

"At least it don't look like they got any wooded area to hide in," Sergeant Wrigley said, rubbing his cheek along the front hand-guard of his rifle. "At least if that's a good map."

"It's a good map," Drum said. "But you're right. The terrain doesn't afford them any more natural protection than it does us. Yet, there's no telling how deep they're entrenched."

From their present position in reserve, the platoon would proceed in the normal fashion to the assembly area—route march in a tactical column until that formation was no longer considered feasible.

"You mean when they might start popping at us with artillery?" Price asked Drum.

The platoon sergeant nodded, then added, "Or when it looks like we might bump into an enemy patrol."

Route march would dissolve into approach march until the platoon reached the assembly area. Then they would move out, ready for contact with the enemy. Meanwhile, the 3rd Battalion, now manning the MLR, would stay put.

"H-Hour will be 1000 hours tomorrow," Drum said. "This platoon will advance two squads abreast, with one squad back. Price, you hang back while the 2nd and 3rd Squads move up. But I want a fire team from each of those two squads to reconnoiter the ground first thing in the morning and get back before nine o'clock. Mortars will drop a 30-minute softening up barrage before we move out and I don't want any knuckleheads caught out there. Jeffries' squad will take the left flank. Wrigley, you got the right. Top of this knoll will be our line of departure. If there's anything that isn't clear in your minds, sound off now."

Round table discussion followed. Drum, appraising the terrain features shown on the map, had previously gone over the plan of battle with Captain Roper. Lumping together the terrain and S-2's estimate of the enemy in the vicinity, it appeared plausible. When the squad leaders' council dissolved into small talk, Drum adjourned the meeting.

The next morning's reconnaissance didn't furnish Drum with an estimate of the enemy's numbers, nor pinpoint his emplacements. What the two fire teams did learn, however, was that the ground this side of River Road looked free of mines and was uninhabited by the enemy. Drum held a quick confab with the three buck sergeants as soon as the patrols returned.

"Remember," he warned, "the enemy ain't about to let us know what he's got and where it's hid until we make him do so. We're attacking the terrain as much as we are the enemy, but plans remain the same as we figured out yesterday. We'll synch our watches now—keep your eyes on me for the signal to move out."

In their holes, the 1st Platoon hugged the deck while the mortar shells wobbled overhead. In his prone shelter, Drum thought of the rapid recovery the platoon had made from its doldrums. The lethargy was gone, but he wondered if any of his troops were experiencing that tensed-up, sinking feeling which sometimes overtakes men in moments before battle. Not that it mattered; usually those feelings disappeared when they started shooting. He looked at his watch—the mortar fire should lift in 30 seconds. He watched the sweep second hand floating past the numerals. Then he gave the signal.

During the melee, the platoon sergeant kept the two squads under surveillance as much as possible—without asking for a hole in the head. Price's squad moved up behind him. The noise of small arms grew louder when the Marines began closing the distance to the enemy and started dickering for fire superiority. Intense, accurate fire is a principal means of reducing the enemy weapons' effectiveness. Drum was satisfied with the progress of the battle until he caught the chatter of machine guns in the section to his left. He had a plan forming in his mind before Wade, the runner who had advanced with Jeffries, came zig-zagging in a fast run.

"Strong point, just other side of the road," Wade blurted.

The platoon sergeant signaled Price to join him. "Jeff's run into trouble!" he said.

"Want me to help him push through?" Price asked.

"No," Drum said. "Take your squad and try for a penetration between Jeffries and Wrigley. When you get through, wheel left and envelop those machine guns. Move out!"

He turned to Wade, "Tell Jeff to come up on a squad line, get the men in good firing positions and keep all parts of the enemy emplacement under effective fire. The 1st Squad is going to outflank the guns. Lemme hear you repeat it."

Wade returned the orders verbatim and scurried off. Fry, the guide, was given a similar message and took off for the Company CP. Drum moved up, following Price's tracks.

Resistance on the right and center of the 1st Platoon's front was moderate to light. Wrigley's squad destroyed or captured those who lay before them and fanned out when they reached the river. Entrenching tools began biting into new defensive positions.

The envelopment took longer. The enemy admirably refused to leave his guns and had to be wiped out. When the position was secured, Drum ordered Price's squad to link up with Wrigley on the river bank. Jeffries moved his squad to a point midway between and to the rear of the other two.

"Send one fire team back to the CP with the prisoners," Drum told Jeffries. "And have the rest of your squad turn to and ready the wounded for the carrying party." Then he directed his attention to the defensive battlements being constructed.

Price was lighting a cigarette for The Kid. "His first cigarette," the squad leader explained. "But he rates it. We had it rough for a while. When Crockett got hit, The Kid dropped his rifle and snatched up the BAR and went in blazing."

"Good work Kid. Weren't scared, were you?" Drum asked.

"No, Sir," The Kid replied, with mock bravado. "I haven't been nervous since my first fire fight."

"Yeah," Drum laughed. "That's probably why you're wearing your pack up-side-down!" **END**

GOLDEN GRIPES

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Former TSgt. Fields Bean compares samples of chevron markings. The neat one was made with his "Stripe Rite" kit

THE GRIPE — recognized in more astute circles as the Marine Lament — is very much like the weather. Little can be done to change it, and at this moment, appears to be here to stay. Any Marine, worthy of the name, can produce at a moment's notice, a seabag overflowing with ills, imaginary or otherwise, and regale a sympathetic audience with a moving here's-what's-wrong-with-this-outfit harangue.

Few of these same Marines have carried their gripes beyond the talking stage, and we suspect that's just the way they like it. But at San Clemente, California, we've found a Marine who did something about those gripes—and he's turned the hitherto verbal affair into a fast-growing business.

Fields R. Bean, now ex-technical sergeant, USMC, had lots of time to learn about the Marine Corps. During World War II his travels with the Third Division took him through three campaigns and many of the islands of the Pacific. The Korea recall brought him 13 months at Camp Matthews, with the unenviable task of teaching recruits the finer points of holding them in the b l a c k. Easy-going, good-natured Bean returned to civilian life in November, 1951, with some definite ideas on the improvement of some of the facets of Marine life he had encountered.

One of his pet peeves was the manner in which chevrons were stenciled on Marine dungarees. Some were long and narrow, others short and wide, and a goodly number nothing more than a black blob on the sleeve of the wearer. Few of the makeshift efforts in any way resembled a regulation Marine chevron, and Bean turned his first efforts to the stenciling situation.

In attempting to find a material which would produce a permanent-type stencil, Bean experimented with more than a dozen, but discarded them after tests showed that they failed to stand up under continual use. Finally, he settled on a plastic compound as an ideal material, and designed a six-stripe stencil box which would produce all combinations of rank, all of regulation size, which could be applied with a minimum of effort to produce excellent results. To complete the stencil kit, he added ink, a stencil brush and

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Bean and his half-brother, Kenneth Nolan, are kept busy in their San Clemente, Calif., plant assembling kits for Marines around the world

GOLDEN GRIPES (cont.)

a rubber ink pad. The government granted him a patent on the kit, and the name, "Stripe-Rite" was copyrighted.

Now ready to go into production, Bean found that it would take more than one man to handle all aspects of the business. He approached his half-brother, Kenneth Nolan, with the idea. Nolan, who had been teaching school at Highland, Calif., jumped on the Stripe-Rite bandwagon with both feet. Describing himself as "just an ex-soldier with an affinity to the Corps," Nolan quit his job and joined forces with Bean in San Clemente. The first names of the brothers, Kenneth and Fields, were combined to form the name Kenfields Products.

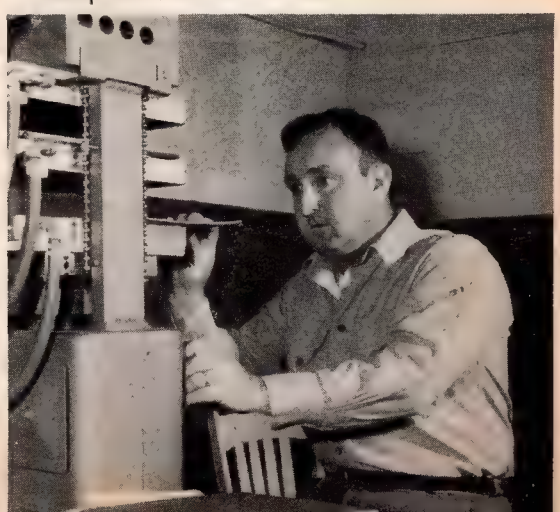
Before beginning general distribution of the chevron kit, Nolan took a sample and journeyed to Camp Pendleton for a military opinion of the new product. The base post exchange officer looked it over with a critical eye, and then announced that he would not only buy it for his exchanges, but that it was a darned fine idea for the Corps. Kenneth returned to San Clemente with high hopes and the brothers began plotting the production aspects. But right off the bat they hit a snag.

The problem of stencil ink had seemed a simple one at first. But letters to a dozen ink manufacturers, requesting samples of ink that would not wash out or dim with age brought negative answers. "There is no such animal," said the ink mixers, "*all* inks fade with age." Finally a Los Angeles company forwarded a sample for trial. Bean and Nolan applied the ink to a Marine dungaree jacket, immersed it in a bucket of undiluted bleach, and anxiously watched the results. As time passed, the jacket faded until it was nearly white, but the ink remained black and almost as good as new. A large order was placed with the Los Angeles company, but the ink problems were far from solved.

Putting the ink in the small bottles to be enclosed in each kit almost brought disaster. Using a funnel for the operation, more ink ended up on the brothers than in the bottles. A bottle-filling contraption designed by Bean worked fine in tests with water, but in actual use, proved far from satisfactory. Heavier than water, the ink seeped out of the filler in several strange places, the flow of ink failed to stop when the bottles were filled, and Bean was wading in a pool of the

TSgt. Charles Hemphill sold Bean on his plastic campaign ribbon backer. Hemphill gets a royalty

Bean operates a press that makes rubber name stamps for a kit that will soon be on the market



most indelible of inks. The bottle-filling operation was hastily transferred to a company which specialized in that business, and has been there ever since. But it was many months before the effects of the ink episode faded from Bean's skin. "I was a walking advertisement for the company," says Bean. "An animated Stripe-Rite."

Samples of the new kit were mailed to Marine Post Exchanges everywhere in the world, and the majority replied favorably—with orders. To date, more than 17,000 Stripe-Rite kits have been purchased by Marines, and more orders continue to come in. A recent rush request from the Third Marine Division resulted in all hands working around the clock to get 2000 kits on the way to Japan.

Looking for a new product for the company, Bean thought back to his rifle range days at Camp Matthews, and the difficulty encountered in keeping sights blackened. He decided an aerosol bomb blackening device would be a vast improvement over the old carbide lamps, and immediately went to work. A combination of Freon gases and lampblack did the trick, and a Louisville, Ky. manufacturer was hired to turn out the finished product, named "Jet Black" by the brothers. The Marine Corps Evaluation Board at Quantico is now testing Jet Black to determine its use and value to the Corps. Non-inflammable, and drying instantly to a dull black, Bean's sight blackener may also be of use in dulling equipment in the field and for camouflaging the faces and hands of night patrols.

In the meanwhile, an advertisement for the sight blackener in a rifle magazine brought response from rifle clubs, individual shooting enthusiasts and police departments all over the world.

Nolan prepares an order that will be expressed to a Marine Corps Exchange. Nolan is a former soldier who claims a "Marine affinity"

Orders have now been mailed to the Northwest Mounted Police, Los Angeles and New York Police Departments, and law enforcement agencies in Germany, Japan and Alaska. A nod of approval from the Evaluation Board and its adoption of the aerosol blackener can well mark an end to the carbide lamp, matches, cigarette lighter and bonfire sight blackening era in the Corps.

Fields Bean turned again to his rifle range experience for his next product. Remembering the hundreds of broken firing pins on the school ranges, he came up with a small rubber wedge which is placed between the hammer and hammer stop on the M-1. Not only does the rubber hammer stop dull the impact and prevent the hammer from striking the firing pin, but also can serve as a safety measure on rifle ranges. If the rubber stop is retained in the rifle at all times while not actually on the firing line, accidental discharges would be eliminated. One hundred samples of Bean's hammer stop are now being tested by the Marine Corps Equipment Board at Quantico.

An often-aired gripe was the basis for the next item added to the growing list. The lost name stamp, long the glib excuse of the Pfc caught with his unmarked skivvies down, will hold little water as soon as the new kit hits the post exchanges. Dubbed "Mar-Kit," Bean's newest brainchild will enable anyone to make his own regulation name stamp. It contains regulation-sized rubber letters, a holder, stamp pad and ink, and will enable an economy-minded Marine to use his bunkie's kit to *(continued on page 71)*

Bean demonstrates another of his products, "Jet Black." It's used for blackening sights on weapons

Inventor Bean packages his M-1 rubber wedges for mailing. The gimmicks eliminate broken firing pins

IN RESERVE

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

A SUMMER CAMP, unlike the one which beckons the city kid to the country for a lungful of fresh air, challenged the Marine Corps Reserve again. And in line with their past, Reservists stuffed their seabags and answered the call to camp. Huge airlifts criss-crossed the land ferrying aviation units to Cherry Point and El Toro. Ground Reserve commands reported at Camp Pendleton, Quantico, Little Creek and similar Marine haunts.

Eighty-four of these Ready Reserve lash-ups ventured into the vicinity of Camp Lejeune.

The two-week tour of mid-South duty offered at Lejeune drew organized units of the Reserve from scattered cross-roads throughout the eastern half of the country. Here Marine Reservists from Lansing, Lynn, Duluth and Philadelphia met Marine Reservists from Savannah and other points South but had little time to waste jawing about who won a long-ago war. The Reserve Training Battalion, headquartered at Lejeune's sub-Camp Geiger, had the full duty master training schedule completed by June 7th when the first Reserve units arrived. The training battalion again was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Bertram E. Cunningham, whose past experience in putting Reservists through the two-week pace accounted for the easy and efficient operation of the program. Six of the units attending were Women Marine platoons who took their schooling at Hadnot Point, the main area at Lejeune. The troops worked out of Camp Geiger, formerly the old Tent Camp.

Although the Reserves stuck close to their assigned business—fired the range, stood guard mount, prowled the boondocks and went home bronzed by the southern sun, they managed to attract attention in an interestingly human way. One forgetful Reservist who spruced up to go ashore couldn't get past the gate sentries who didn't agree that blue suede shoes are snappy when worn with the summer service uniform. Two others, who left camp in the correct rig, returned as heroes.

The holiday routine which prevailed at Camp Lejeune throughout the Fourth of July week-end was the only "time out" on the Reserve Training Battalion's script. When the long liberty arrived in the midst of the two-week tour for some units there at the time, many of the Reservists decided to check out the nearby beaches. Private Daniel Zimmer, Jr., and Private Lawrence J. Traver, Jr., hometown buddies in the 8th Infantry Battalion, Toledo, beelined for Carolina Beach, near Wilmington, because someone told them it was a "good place to go." And their choice saved

Reserve units visiting Camp Lejeune tapped their "slush" funds to get trophies for high score shooters

Organized Reserve units spent the first three days at Lejeune at the rifle range. They shot "B" course

Corp. James Dew (center), of Savannah, is an old camp hand who added sardines to his C-ration diet

Lejeune's Reserve Training Battalion quizzed men individually on small arms, first aid, communications

the lives of an Elkin, North Carolina couple.

Neither of the Reservists had seen an ocean before, and the sight of bathers battling the waves on surf mats prompted them to rent a pair. Zimmer was discovering it's also a battle to manipulate the frisky float when he noticed a man and woman bobbing in the waves about 25 yards away. Their frantic behavior was unmistakable—they were drowning! When the woman screamed, Zimmer and Traver struck for the couple. Both are average swimmers, but at that instant they were without experience in rescuing drowning persons.

As Zimmer approached, the woman desperately grabbed his forearm. He couldn't break the grip. A quick thought sent him diving in an effort to come up behind the victim to get her head above water. Meanwhile Traver was facing a similar situation; he took a cue from Zimmer's action and dove. The man clutched both Traver and the woman. They went down in 11 feet of water where the strong undertow which sometimes plagues the Carolinas caught and carried them seaward. The four came to the surface "pretty far out," Traver and Zimmer recalled. On the long trip to shore, they often were forced underwater, but managed to maneuver their way to the beach by swimming with the waves. The woman was unconscious when they reached shallow water.

The two Reservists accepted their rewards with honest modesty. Carolina Beach Chief of Police Paul Wolfe recommended them for life-saving medals and letters of commendation. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Southard, Jr., the near victims of the sea, extended a gratitude unmeasureable by a corporeal yardstick.

Evidence that Reservists grasp summer training like a DUKW takes to water came from both Lejeune and Pendleton. Each turned up an individual who traveled hundreds of miles on his own initiative to enlist in the Reserve and take camp with his hometown unit. Private David G. Marmion was discharged from another arm of the service the day Tucson's 3d Supply Company flew to Pendleton. A government ruling which prohibits a dischargee from shipping into any branch of the armed forces until 24 hours after separation from previous service temporarily thwarted Marmion's plan to train with the Tucson company. A 500-mile motor trip put him in Oceanside the day after the outfit swung into its schedule. But he was eligible and took his oath of enlistment immediately. Private Marmion, USMCR, finished training with the 3d Supply Company.

Photos by MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

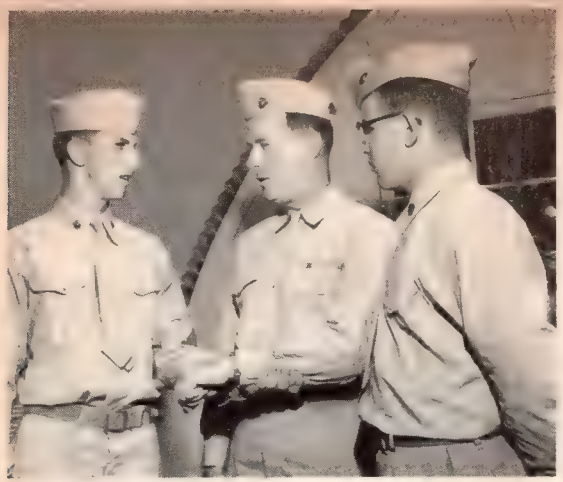
Camp Lejeune's enthusiastic Reservist who traveled at his own expense easily outdistanced Marmion. Private Don Kline of Mishawaka, Indiana, tapped a couple of Reserve sergeants for a 1000-mile automobile ride to the big base. The sergeants were headed for their annual fortnight's training with the 1st Shore Party Group, South Bend. That was the outfit Kline wanted to join, when the time came. Sunday, June 27th, the day before the 1st went on schedule, was the time. Kline was 17 years old that day and he promptly enlisted.

The new private was wearing a new khaki uniform sporting quartermaster creases when he shook hands with Major General Henry D. Linscott two days later and heard the General praise his choice of service and fine spirit. Then the youngest man in the South Bend outfit reported to the 1st Shore Party Group on the rifle range.

All Organized Reserve units visiting Lejeune spend the first three days of the training schedule at the rifle range. Reservists get two days to zero their weapons before firing the "B" course for record. The "B" course consists of 50 rounds of slow and rapid fire from offhand, kneeling, sitting and prone positions from the 200-yard line.

Range hands agree with Reserve commanding officers that the percentage of qualifying shooters in each unit should be higher. It's a natural feeling; nothing less than 100 percent qualification will satisfy them. And the perfect score is hard for an outfit to hit when some of its newer mem-

TURN PAGE



Pvts. Dan Zimmer and Lawrence Traver explain to Lt. Col. Brooks Ewing how they saved two people

When two weeks of Summer training are completed, the part-time warriors stack gear for the trip home

IN RESERVE (cont.)

bers have only a couple of drill evenings in their books. (One organization reported aboard with a man in civvies —he had been sworn in just before the unit left for camp and there wasn't time to issue a uniform. He drew a full seabag at Lejeune.) Not all newcomers, however, drag down the score —many of those who squeezed an M-1 for the first time outshot camp veterans. Company "slush funds" provided trophies for the highest shooters.

While at the range, Reservists learn that a hunk of cotton in the ears doesn't excuse anyone from remembering a few phrases which could be termed Marine Corps axioms. Like, "Keep the muzzle over the butts," "Pick up yer brass," and "If you shoot, you gotta pull butts."

What a Reservist learns by attending weekly drills in the time between Summer camps is discovered after the units clean their rifles and return to Camp Geiger. A large area touching Highway 17 serves as a testing ground for the Reserve Training Battalion. Men are divided into groups of 12, then quizzed individually on small arms—M-1, BAR, .45 pistol—first aid, field sanitation, communications, etc., with a time limit set for each subject. If they finish a phase quickly, groups with NCOs who have previous active service are inclined to gang up on the veteran to discuss the examination just completed, or the one coming up.

Training sessions on the technique of fire, combat formations, infiltration, organic weapons like mortars, rocket launchers and flamethrowers are held somewhere in the boondocks. C-rations are passed out when noon chow is eaten in the field. Some Reservists who experienced "eating out" on past encampments, fished tins of sardines out of their dungarees to augment the Marine Corps diet.

One nameless Reservist from Johnson City, Tennessee, strayed too far while on patrol in the boondocks near Verona and got lost. Hundreds of volunteers spent the night yelling through the woods, but the search failed to find the missing man. (He was asleep.) In the morning, a helicopter joined the looking party and located him warming a slug of C-ration coffee. Rescued, the man was reminded in undisclosed terms that Marines don't get lost.

Last stage of the two-week period is spent in on-the-job training with Regular components of the Second Marine Division. Engineers, mechanics, communicators, etc., from the Reserve integrate for a short time with their MOS brethren in the Divvy.

When the last man of a unit clears Camp Geiger and the outfit heads home, there's work ahead for an Inspector-Instructor staff. Something about those "two-weeks" strikes a Reservist's fancy, and, after a taste of the Corps, many want the full course meal and request Extended Active Duty. One organization had more than 70 percent of its members ask for EAD this year. After the paperwork is done and the ranks are depleted, the I-I people find they have to beat the bushes recruiting new hands to close the gaps. But now they take it in stride; it happens every Summer. **END**

"No more drinks for you, Fred; you're getting silly!"
Leatherneck Magazine

we the Marines

Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

John Basilone Memorial

A section of a bill introduced in Congress by Representative Charles R. Howell, (D.,N.J.), calls for the erection of a "John Basilone National Memorial Stadium" in the Nation's capital. Basilone, a Marine, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor during World War II on Guadalcanal. He was later killed on Iwo Jima where he won the Navy Cross.

The proposed law (H.R. 9111) specifically mentions "an athletic field and stadium, and a public auditorium having a seating capacity of not less than 15,000. Upon completion of construction, such stadium shall be designated as the 'John Basilone National Memorial Stadium,' and such auditorium shall be designated as the 'Christopher Columbus Auditorium'."

A companion bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Herbert H. Lehman, (D., N.Y.).

Dutch Marine Band

Another link in the bond of friendship between the U. S. Marines and the Dutch Marines was recently forged when the 80-piece Band and Drum and Bugle Corps of the Royal Netherlands Marine Corps joined the U. S. Marine Band and Drum and Bugle Corps in a special Sunset Parade at the historic Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye, Washington, D. C.

At the invitation of General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, the Dutch musicians were flown from New York City to Washington for a two-day holiday. The bandsmen, on a good will visit to the U. S., had arrived earlier in Gotham aboard the Dutch carrier *Karel Dvorman.*

His Excellency, J. Herman van Roijen, Ambassador of the Netherlands, guest of honor, and other high Dutch officials, along with the public, witnessed the colorful parade. The Netherlanders, whose band history dates back to 1665, received a standing ovation for their precision marching and musical perfection. The band ranks as one of Europe's finest.

Extended Liberty

A recent weekend liberty was stretched into a five-day leave by Pfc Richard A. Middaugh of the Quantico Exchange Section, when he convinced two of his former high school buddies to enlist in the Marine Corps.

Pfc Middaugh described the rugged recruit training and the tough, realistic individual combat training that would follow boot camp. He also explained to the future Marines the Marine Corps' promotion system and the various occupations available to Marines.

As a clincher, Pfc Middaugh accompanied his old classmates to the recruiting station where they took their enlistment oath.

Aqua Kid

Camp Lejeune, proving ground and often the stepping stone for many athletes seeking amateur and professional laurels, has another first—a potential female channel swimmer.

Petite, seven year-old Ann Susan Leffler, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Benjamin Leffler, races the length of Lejeune's 50-meter combat training pool with the skill of a mermaid and repeats the performance seven times!

Ann has been taking swimming instructions from Pfc Gerald Parker for only three months. Parker, a former YMCA swimming instructor of Aurora, Ill., works at the Base Education Office and takes his aquatic protege to the indoor swimming pool for evening lessons. There he plans to give her extensive training in proper breathing habits before taking her outdoors to swim longer distances.

TURN PAGE

Official USMC photo

President Dwight Eisenhower presented the new Marine Corps Seal, with his autograph, to Gen. L. C. Shepherd Jr., Marine Commandant

Official USMC photo

General Shepherd and Mrs. Pate pin the third star on Lieut. Gen. R. McC Pate, Assistant Commandant

Photo by Corp. V. Abbatiello

Mark Evans, television and radio star, learns about a .470 Farguharson from Lt. Col. S. A. Johnstone

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

The little Miss seems to be the only one around who is not impressed with her swimming. To her it is merely fun. She loves to stay in the water and show off for her sister Deborah, five, who can swim only 50 feet!

Pfc J. Griffin
CIS, Camp Lejeune

Appreciation Hike

A file of dungaree-clad figures tromped through the dense undergrowth. Dust covered their high-topped shoes and

beads of perspiration appeared on their faces. They blinked in the mid-afternoon sun and occasionally stopped to take a swig of water from the canteens which swung from their hips. They were Women Marines on a terrain appreciation hike.

Although the outing was planned as part of the monthly training program, it was greeted with enthusiasm by members of the Woman Marine Company.

After noon chow one day, the girls quickly traded their uniform of the day for fresh starched utility clothes, drew cartridge belts with canteens, and dashed for cameras with which to record the momentous day.

A mile out, the first break was called, giving the hikers a chance to catch their breath and let some cool water trickle down their throats.

As the march resumed, the women followed a hot and dusty path which wound endlessly through the boondocks. Here they were allowed to "route step" and someone started a song. The march continued through the woods and the girls camouflaged themselves with pine branches and flowers.

The return trip was slower, but the girls, covered with dust and dirt, finished the last mile.

After some hot chow, they sat around talking about the hike.

"We enjoyed it," they said, "let's go again."

Corp. Becky Carper
MCB, Camp Lejeune

Official USMC Photo

Pfc M. Shanklin Jr., holds a certificate authorizing him two Gold Stars in lieu of a second and third Purple Heart Medal

Official USMC photo

An electric storm that swept over MCSD, Barstow, caused $100,000 in damages at the California base

Photo by SSgt. M. Krueger

Miss Myrtle Thompson of Selma, N. C., top aviation writer and pilot, gets helicopter view of Cherry Point

Dash for the Trash

If you had been in Charleston, South Carolina, recently you would probably have been startled at the sight of three assault helicopters sitting in the Charleston City Dump. They weren't thrown out, discarded, junked, or even misplaced. They were participating in an Air-Ground Combat show which took place at the Citadel. The demonstration was presented by Marines from the Second Marine Division and the Second Marine Aircraft Wing.

The "whirly-birds" had been scheduled to land at the football stadium a few blocks north of the Citadel but at show time, other activity in the stadium interrupted the schedule. The only wide open flat piece of ground within sight of the Citadel was the dump.

Home-owners surrounding the dump were frightened at the sight of the 'copters landing in the neighborhood. Someone called a motorcycle policeman to investigate. When the officer arrived the backwash from the idling helicopters swirled debris from the dump around the cycle and cop. He mumbled to himself, mounted his motorcycle and rode off with orange peels and tin cans bouncing from the fenders.

Later, at the Citadel, the helicopters presented a very interesting air show. Among the spectators was the motorcycle cop. The pilots assured him that the helicopters wouldn't reland at the City Dump.

Pfc J. Green
USMC

To the Shores of Italy

The fame of the U. S. Marine Corps goes beyond the scope of the first two lines of the Marine Hymn, "From the

Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli."

This was proved recently when the Commanding General of the San Diego Marine Corps Recruit Depot received a letter from an Italian boy in Rome, Italy, asking for the "brave Corps' song."

The boy, Veniero Valente, said in his broken handwriting that a recording of the Hymn was impossible to find in Italy. "If you cannot send me

TURN PAGE

Official USMC photo

TSgt. H. T. Crandalls' search for a son ended when he found Hizakozu, whom he adopted from the Hanazone Susha Orphanage

Photo by Sgt. D. Reyher

Miss Piolani Motta, Hawaiian hula dancer, shows Corp. R. Avery and Corp. D. Kovar how she won the title of "Miss Fireworks of 1954"

Official USMC photo

Capt. B. Quirk and F. Fegan join Walter Kiernan (center) in saying "sayanora" to Siwash. The Marine Museum received the mounted duck

the record, it would be enough for me to receive the words," wrote Veniero.

The Depot Information Section went all out for the boy. They cut a recording of the Marine Hymn, and mailed a history of the Hymn with its words.

Division of Information
HQMC

PI Pitcher

Sam "Bones" Muste appears slim to his teammates, but when he's on the mound, opposing batters eye his frame with respect. Those bones move around, and so do his pitches.

His won-lost record is the best on the club and his ERA, which has been as low as 2.12, would be outstanding in any league.

"Bones," who hangs his glove in the Bronx, has also included three shut-outs among his triumphs.

He has five four-hitters.

In his first 97 innings he struck out 78 and gave up only 23 earned runs.

Shut-outs are nothing new to the lanky right-hander who racked up four of them while compiling a 13-7 record last year in the fast Armed Forces league at Panama.

Pfc B. Gallagher
MCRD, Parris Island, S. C.

Interchange Program

A limited meritorious rotation program permitting enlisted personnel of the Third Marine Division in Japan to volunteer for transfer to the First Marine Division in Korea and vice versa, was established recently, according to an announcement by Third Division Headquarters at Camp Gifu. The first interchange was slated to start last June.

The number of men rotated will depend upon the number of applications received in both divisions and the ability of either to match grade, military occupational specialty, and number of personnel for interchange transfer.

Noncommissioned officers of equivalent rank or one grade junior or senior may be exchanged. Privates First Class will be exchanged for like ranks only. Privates are not eligible for transfer under this program.

In order to be eligible, individuals must have six months to serve on their current overseas tour. They may, however, extend to meet this obligation.

To be eligible for transfer an applicant must not have had any court-martials during his present enlistment, nor any non-judicial punishment during his present tour in the Far East.

Preferences are given men with high

conduct and proficiency marks.

The personnel interchange is limited to those serving their eighth month of duty in the Far East. Commanding Officers screen all applications for eligibility.

Information Section
3rdMarDiv., FMF

Carnival for Fund

All the gaiety and laughter of a Stateside carnival came to Camp McNair, Japan, last month, as cannoneers of the Twelfth Marines, Third Marine Division, raised $1800 for the final payment for new buildings at the Yamanake Orphanage.

The Seibi Gakuen Orphanage, adopted by the Twelfth Marines, houses more than 100 children aged from three to six. When the cannoneers discovered the plight of the tots and the dilapidated condition of the orphanage, they decided to have new living quarters constructed and repair all useable buildings.

The cost of the project topped $10,000. More than $8700 was collected through voluntary contributions and from the proceeds of a carnival held at Camp McNair last year.

With $1300 still unpaid, artillerymen-turned-concessionaires vied with each other to make the most money. Their booths were built of scrap lumber, target cloth, and camouflage nets.

One of the most popular booths was Regimental Headquarters and Service Battery's "Ring the Duck" which had Marines tossing rings at a live duck swimming in a tank of water. The idea was to drop a light wire ring over the elusive duck's head. Few Marines won prizes there.

Most thrilling was "K" Battery's "Short-timer." This gadget was a yellow painted 55-gallon oil drum slung from the rafters of the huge quonset hut in which the Carnival was held. Rigged with a saddle, the "Short-timer" challenged would-be bronco-busters to stay on for the required 10 seconds. Marines at the end of toggle lines made sure that few rode the bucking drum for the prize-winning time.

Several Australian soldiers on R&R from Korea, who attended the Carnival vowed they'd "never seen the like of these blokes."

Information Section
3rd Marine Division

END

Crazy Captions

JUNE CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

SUBMITTED BY RONALD A. BARNES
772 N. DAWSON
COLUMBUS, OHIO

"We'll have to run on a flat—the light's changing."

Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay $25 for the craziest caption received before November 1, 1954. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the picture below, print it on the line under the photo and fill in your name and complete address.

Tear out the picture and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the December issue.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

.....

954

Staff NCO Transfers

Compiled by

TSgt. John P. McConnell

Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

MASTER SERGEANTS

ANDERSON, Charles W. (3529) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
ARVEN, Henry D. (5711) Lej to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
APPLE, Sam P. Jr. (1839/1871) Quant to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
BALLINGER, Lawrence S. (5711) Lej to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
BARKER, Ernest A. (0149) 3dMAW Miami to I&I 2dAWBtry USMCR Canton O
BAUER, Arthur L. (0149) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MD NOP Indianapolis Ind
BECK, Edward O. (0149) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
BETTS, Charles R. (3079) Lej to 2dMAW CherPt
BIXLER, Albert J. (0149) MarPac to 4thMCRRD Phila
BLOOMQUIST, Glen H. (2639) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
BOYLE, Edward A. F. (3014) I&I 1st55mmGunBtry USMCR Reading Pa to MarCor CloDep Phila
BROWN, Parker N. (3539) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BURTON, Charlie R. (0149) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to I&I 99thSplInfCo USMCR Riveria Beach Fla
BUSH, Sterling K. (0819) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej
BUTERBAUGH, Merlin R. (0149) HQMC to I&I 5thSplInfCo USMCR Altoona Pa
BYCZEK, Stanley F. (0319) I&I 11thInfBn USMCR Cleveland to CamPen FFT
CARTER, Jack V. (3539) MarPac to AirFMPac El Toro FFT
CARROLL, Bruce E. (0339) TTU PhibTraLant LCreek Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
CASH, Doyle A. (0339) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
CHESTMOLOWICZ, Frank J. (3349) MarPac to CamPen FFT
CHICHESTER, Wilbur S. (0149) I&I 70thSplInfCo USMCR Hartford Conn to MCAB CherPt
CHRISTOPHER, John H. (0149) I&I 2dANGLICO USMCR Chicago to MarActy as MarPac may dir
CLARK, Vernon C. (0848) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
COMER, Joseph C. (2619) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
COMPOLY, Stephen P. (0319) Lej to 2dMarDiv Lej
COOPER, Louis M. (0149) 9thMCRRD to AirFMFPac El Toro
COTTINGIM, Donald (3079) 1st-155mmGunBn USMCR Denver to MCDS SFran
COX, "J" "B" (3379) MarPac to CamPen FFT
CRAFTS, Glen F. (3029) Lej to CamPen FFT
DAVIS, Charles E. (6439) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
DE FUSCO, Angelo C. (5819) Lej to 2dMarDiv Lej
DENNLER, Robert E. (0149) MarPac to I&I 2d90mmGunBtry USMCR Waco Texas
DIAMOND, David (1129) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DIGERONIMO, Angelo (3379) MB NB Brooklyn to MB 15thND Navy #188
DOBOY, Edward E. (5849) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
DOLAN, Robert J. (3139) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DRAVITZ, Joseph (3419) MarPac to CamPen FFT
ELLIS, John T. (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
EWONIUK, Alex (0149) MB NAD Hastings Neb to I&I 2dANGLICO USMCR Chicago
FEDOR, Dexter A. (0319) HQMC (NROTC Unit, Dartmouth Col, Hanover NH) to CamPen FFT
FINAL, James A. (0371) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
FITZGERALD, Edward J. (2569) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FOSTER, JESSE C. (0149) I&I 14thRifCo USMCR Kentfield Calif to CamPen FFT
FRYER, Frederick C. (0149) 12th MCRRD SFran to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GARDNER, Ronald E. (0149) MarSigDet USS Mt Olympus to 3d MAW Miami
GERENT, Edward (1871) FMFPacTrps CamPen to MarActy as MarPac may dir
GILBERT, Wilburn D. (3539) FMFPac Trps CamPen FFT
GILIMAN, George F. Jr. (1369) 1st-BNRD Boston to CamPen FFT
GILMORE, James C. (0149) I&I 3d1-55mmGunBtry USMCR Salem Ore to CamPen FFT
GODINA, Frank L. (3014) HQMC to MB Treasure Is FFT
GRANT, George A. (1129) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GREEK, Elder E. (0149) I&I 8thInf-Bn USMCR Toledo to CamPen FFT
GROGAN, Edsel W. (0149) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to I&I 57thSplInfCo USMCR Albuquerque
GUEY, Charles H. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to MD USS Mt Olympus
HAKIUS, George G. (2529) FMFPacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT
HALL, Frederick G. Jr. (0819) 2dMarDiv Lej to MD NavRetraCom Portsmouth NH
HARANKA, John (0149) 12thMCRRD SFran to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HARRISON, Leonard S. (3519) MarPac to CamPen FFT
HAMMILL, Donald F. (2269) HQMC (StateDept-Bonn, Ger) to 2dMarDiv Lej
HARRIGAN, Daniel B. (3014) MB NAD Earle NJ to Quant
HARRIS Dewey W. (3019) 3dIntBn USMCR St Louis to FMFPacTrps CamPen
HAWKINS, John E. (0149) 12th MCRRD SFran to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HAYES, Glen M. (1129) MCFwDep Portsmouth Va to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HEATH, James C. (0149) HQMC to CamPen FFT
HEIMRICK, LeRoy E. (6619) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
HICKS, James H. (0149) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
HILL, Robert A. (6619/7321) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
HOLMAN, Robert J. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to I&I 70thSplInfCo
HOLT, Paul S. (0149) FMFPacTrps CamPen to 12th MCRRD SFran
HORN, Eugene (0319) 12th MCRRD SFran to CamPen FFT
HOVEY, Milton J. (0149) I&I 1st-AAA AWBn USMCR SFran to CamPen FFT
HUGHES, Theodore H. (0149) AirFMFPac El Toro to 9thMCRRD Chicago
JOHNSON, Irvin W. (2316) MCRD to CamPen FFT
JOHNSON, James E. (6619) HQMC (Sandia Base NM) to AirFMFPac El Toro
JOHNSON, Robert L. (6619) MARTD MARTC Olathe Kans to 2dMAW CherPt
JONES, John W. (0319) 12th MCRRD SFran to CamPen FFT
JONES, Wayne S. (4139) MB NB Newport RI to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
KADER, Lawrence W. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to MD NS Navy #103
KESLER, John D. (0319) MB NB Newport RI to 2dMarDiv Lej
KING, Murray E. (0149) FMFPac TrpsCamPen to MarActy as MarPac may dir
KINMAN, Harold J. (0149) MD NS Navy #103 to Quant
KIRCHNER, William H. (6939) MAD NATTC Memphis to MTG-20 CherPt
KLUSMAN, Lawrence E. (3419) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
KOVAL, Robert S. (0319) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
KRAMER, Nicholas A. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to MTG-20 CherPt
LAKE, Wayland (0149) MCDS Albany Ga to CamPen FFT
LAND, CHALMERS K. (0319) 9thMCRRD Chicago to CamPen FFT
LEWIS, Donald F. (3029) MarPac to CamPen FFT
LONG, Clyde M. (0149) I&I 9thRifCo USMCR Ft Wayne Ind to FMFPacTrps CamPen
MAC DONALD, James V. (3539) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MANLEY, Curtis S. (0149) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MARSHALL, Joe K. (0319) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
MC CARTHY, Eugene J. (0149) I&I 35thSplInfCo USMCR Santa Rosa Calif to CamPen FFT
MC DONALD, Eugene A. (0149) I&I 7thSplInfCo USMCR Louisville to Quant
MC HUGH, Thomas J. (0319) HQMC (NROTC Yale U New Haven) to 2dMarDiv Lej
MC PHAIL, WILLIAM T. (1369) MCDS Albany Ga to MCRD PI
MC SWAIN, Aubrey A. (3369) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MC VAY, Breathitt B. (0339) HQMC (StateDept-Lisbon, Por) to MarActy as MarPac may dir
MEIXNER, Joseph E. (2119) 4thMCRRD Phila to CamPen FFT
MELANSON, Lloyd W. (0819) MD NavRetraCom Porstmouth NH to 2dMarDiv Lej
MICHA, Charles H. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to MD USS Des Moines
MINGEA, Daniel W. (0149) I&I 5th-90mmGunBtry USMCR San Jose Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro
MOSSMAN, Robert J. (4611/7041/7322) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola
MYERS, Marvin D. (4611) MB NAS Jax Fla to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
NESBITT, Russell L. (3519) FMFPacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT
NEWELL, Joe K. (3279) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
NICHOLS, Rays S. (0319) 9thMCRRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lej
NICKELS, Herbert L. (0819) MD NRTC NB Portsmouth NH to 2dMarDiv Lej
NOVAK, Raymond L. (1129) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
OTTEN, Mabel A. (3439) MCAS CherPt to MCRD PI
PARKER, Ervie T. (3069) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
PIANEZZA, John A. (0319) TTU PhibTraLant LCreek Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
PENSE, William A. (3529) FMFPac to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
PRUE, Walter H. (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
QUACKENBUSH, Mark R. (0319) FMFPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
RANGE, Hiram S. (0149) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
ROBINSON, Joseph T. (4313) 2dMAW CherPt to HQMC
ROCHE, Mary E. (0179) FMFPac to HQMC
RYALS, George L. Jr. (0319) 3dMarDiv to SctyFor POA (Philippine Is)
SATOWSKI, Stanley J. (5849) FMFPacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT
SCHANK, Edward B. (3019) MarPac to CamPen FFT
SCHROEDER, Harvey J. (0121) MarPac to CamPen FFT
SENS, William J. (3239) HQMC to 2dMarDiv Lej
SEPOS, Albert J. (0769) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
SHERIDAN, Lawrence V. (0371) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
SKOTZ, Samuel L. (3529) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SLICK, Edward J. (2569) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SMITH, James P. (0149) MCRD PI to HQMC
SOLLEY, Walter M. (3519) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
SPROESSER, Joseph (1369) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
STINNETT, William J. (0819) MB NAS Jax Fla to 2dMarDiv Lej
STURGEON, Lester J. (3369) HQMC (StateDept-Frankfurt, Ger) to MCAS El Toro
STRICKLING, Bertrum E. (0819) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej
STRUNK, Jack N. (3529) Quant to MCRD PI
TAGMYER, Howard B. (3349) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
THIRPEN, Luther R. (3539) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
TOMLINSON, Roy M. (5849) 3dMAW Miami to MarCorCloDep Phila
TURNER, Curtiss J. (3349) 3dMAW to CamPen FFT
TURNER, George H. (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
VENTERS, Lester C. (3519) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
VIENNEAU, Wilfred C. (5211) MB WashDC to MCRD PI
VINCZIK, Stephen J. Jr. (2539) MCAS Miami to CamPen FFT
VIETH, Ralph E. (3519) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WACLAWSKI, Esther D. (3449) MarPac to MCRD PI
WAGNER, Robert N. Sr. (0241) FMFLant Norfolk to CamPen FFT
WAHRMAN, Alfred W. (4631) MarPac to Lej
WILCOX, Lee H. (0149) I&I 6thSigCo USMCR Alameda Calif to MarActy as MarPac may dir
WILLIAMS, Lucretia E. (3029) MarPac to MCRD PI
WITHERBY, Louis J. (0149) MarPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
WHITE, David O. (3519) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WHITFIELD, Henry J. (3449) Lej to CamPen FFT
WHYNAUGHT, Clifford (3024) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT

WOLFE, Gordon S. (0149) Quant to I&I 5th90mmGunBtry USMCR San Jose Calif
WOODING, Jack W. (0149) MARTD MARTC Dallas to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WRIGHT, Robert W. (5849) AirFMFPag El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir

TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

ANDERSON, Clarence (4341) 8th-MCRRD NOrleans to MCRD PI
BAILEY, Jerome E. (4136) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BANKS, Herbert W. (5711) Lej to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
BARNAK, Frank (3014) MCDS Albany Ga to MD NOP Indianapolis Ind
BARR, Walter L. (0336) I&I 23RifCo USMCR Lewiston Me to CamPen FFT
BARRON, Sanford O. (0147) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
BASINGER, Willard H. (3379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
BAUM, Donald R. (3419) Lej to CamPen FFT
BAXTER, Richard B. (3534) MCDS Albany Ga to CamPen FFT
BEASLEY, Ronald L. (0371) Lej to CamPen FFT
BEHL, Kenneth R. (3379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
BELEGD, Albert (3014) Quant to CamPen FFT
BENNETT, Clark A. (0336) HQMC (StateDept-Balboa, CZ) to 2dMarDiv Lej
BENSON, Albert J. (1369) 1stEngBn USMCR Ft McHenry Baltimore to CamPen FFT
BLAKESLEE, Harold (0819) MB NOTS Inyokern China Lake Calif to CamPen FFT
BONOFIGLIO, Joseph V. (0369) Lej to CamPen FFT
BOYD, Alexander (3379) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BOYD, Robert W. (3319) AirFMFPac El Toro to Lej
BRIGHT, Kinnie F. (0149) FMFLant Norfolk to CamPen FFT
BROWN, Merle E. (3519) I&I 2d-55mmGunBtry USMCR Eugene Ore to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BRULAND, Russell A. (0335) MarPac to CamPen FFT
CARACAPPA, Michael (0765) FMFPac to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
CARNS, Jack E. (0316) 9thMCRRD Chicago to CamPen FFT
CATRON, John W. (0147) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to Lej
CHENSHAW, John O. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to MD NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif
CLAY, Roy C. (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
COLBORN, Charles F. (4969) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
COLLINS, Lewis A. (0759) FMFPac to Lej
COOPER, Luther B. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
COX, Charles W. (0819) MarPac to CamPen FFT
COX, Omer L. (1129) MCFwdDepPortsmouth Va to MCRD PI
CARDDOCK, Quida W. (4029) HQMC to MCRD PI
CRONAN, Stephen A. (2119) 8th-MCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
CROSS, Paul (0765) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MB Treasure Is FFT
CUPPLES, Edward M. (3379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
DALEY, John E. Jr. (0147) FMFPac Trps CamPen to AirFMFPac to El Toro FFT
DAVIS, Albert J. (3369) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DEMUTH, Felix J. (3019) MarPac to FFT
DEUSE, Julius B. (3019) FMFPac to 2dMAW CherPt
DEVEREUX, Aiden J. (0848) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
DEVOE, Joseph E. (0147) 1stMCRRD Boston to 2dMarDiv Lej
DEWIRE, Robert E. (3539) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to CamPen FFT
DICKINSON, Derwood L. (1129) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to Quant
DUCKWORTH, Aubrey D. (3534) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
EWELL, Wayne A. Sr. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej
FARRIS, Ott C. (0319) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to MTG-20 CherPt
FORD, Thomas P. (3014) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to I&I 2d90mmAAAGunBn USMCR Indianapolis Ind
FOX, Cecil L. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to 2dMAW CherPt
FUTCH, Russell C. (2279) MCDS Albany Ga to CamPen FFT
GARRISON, Jeff H. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
GEISKE, John (1129) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GILLETTE, James (3539) FMFPac-TrpsCamPen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GOFF, Darrell L. (0147) Lej to CamPen FFT
GRAVES, Guy C. (0319) FMFPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
GRAY, Robert L. (0369) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
GREINER, Richard K. (0147) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
GWINN, Burlen W. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
HALE, Oscar J. (3539) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI
HALE, Robert R. (1347) I&I 5thInfBn USMCR Detroit to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
HAMMONS, William V. (1539) Lej to CamPen FFT
HANS, James A. Jr. (3014) MarPac to I&I 2d90mmGunBtry USMCR Waco Tex
HARPER, Robert W. (5849) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac May dir
HARRIS, Clayton H. (2119) FMFPac to MCAS Navy #990
HAYS, Robert J. (5849) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
HERRINGTON, John C. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
HICKS, Dillard I. (0335) MB Clarksville (Tenn) Base to CamPen FFT
HILL, Duane D. (0147) 4thMCRRD Phila to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
HOFFORD, Donald E. (2316) Quant to CamPen FFT
HOLLEY, Richard W. (0147) 6th-MCRRD Atlanta to 2dMarDiv Lej
HOOPS, James L. (0369) MarPac to CamPen FFT

"Don't wait up for me, Honey. You see, I met this old Marine Corps buddy of mine, and . . ."

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HOSTETTER, William (0316) Lej to CamPen FFT
HUBBARD, Billie B. (3014) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
HUNT, Wayne H. (1539) Quant to CamPen FFT
HUNTER, William W. (5849) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
HURLEY, Aster J. Jr. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
HURLEY, Robert B. (2619) ForTrpsFMFPac Calif to CamPen FFT
HURSEY, John H. (5519) MB NGF WashDC to MB Treasure Is FFT
HUTCHINS, Max D. (2549) FMFPac Trps CamPen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JOHNSON, Hugh T. (5239) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to CamPen FFT
JOHNSON, Richard F. (1129) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JONES, Robert J. (0149) 5thMCRRD Arlington Va to 2dMAW CherPt
JONES, Roland K. (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KEISER, James F. (0147) MTG-20 CherPt to CamPen FFT
KEMPER, Chauncy R. (3539) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
KENNEDY, James H. (3379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
KENNEDY, Leo H. (0147) MCAS El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
KIOUSIS, Geraldine G. (0179) Quant to MCRD PI
KIRBY, Perry G. (1819) Quant to MB NGF WashDC
KLEIN, Jack W. (3139) MB WashDC to CamPen FFT
LAMBKA, Harvey L. (3439) 6th-MCRRD Atlanta to CamPen FFT
LAMPMAN, Raymond A. (3379) Lej to CamPen FFT
LEAVY, Louis F. (0139) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
LEITSCH, Walter L. (1129) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LEWELLING, Benjamin T. (1839) MAD NATTAC Jax Fla to CamPen FFT
LICHLYTER, Lawrence L. (0339) HQMC (StateDept-Beirut, Leb) to MarActy as MarPac may dir
LIENAU, Leroy (0149) MTG-20 CherPt to CamPen FFT
LOCKEN, Leslie K. (4611) MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola to 2dMAW CherPt
LORENTZ, William B. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LOY, Chester C. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LYNCH, John V. (3519) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MARTIN, Clifton B. (3539) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC COLLUM, Marion (0147) 4th-MCRRD Phila to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
MC DONALD, Jack N. (0319) 12th-MCRRD SFran to CamPen FFT
MC GALE, Vincent J. (5819) TTU PhibTraLant LCreek Va to MD NavRetraCom Norfolk
MC GUIRE, Albert C. (0149) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
MC KNIGHT, Jacob I. (1129) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC KUNE, Glenn O. (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MERRILL, James S. (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
MEYER, Robert J. (0319) Quant to CamPen FFT
MOORE, Elmer L. (4046) FMFPac to MCAS El Toro
MORRIS, William E. (3539) MCAS Miami to CamPen FFT
MOSCA, Salvatore (3539) I&I 2d155-mmHowBn USMCR Providence RI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MYERS, Leonard F. (0369) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
MYERS, Lloyd R. (1841) FMFPacTrps CamPen to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
NELSON, Oscar W. Jr. (4312) HQMC (COMNAVFE) to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
NEUNSINGER, John N. (3539) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NORDSTROM, Roy E. Jr. (4611) MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola to 2dMAW CherPt
NUGENT, Wallace R. (2539) MarPac to CamPen FFT
O'SHEA, William L. (0149) MB NB Phila to 4thMCRRD Phila
OWENS, James E. (0231) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
PAYNE, Raymond D. (3516) TTU PhibTraPac SDiego to CamPen FFT
PERSI, Anthony P. (0816) MarPac to CamPen FFT
PERSON, Edward T. (0337) MB NMD Yorktown Va to CamPen FFT
PIERRO, James R. (4119) HQMC to Lej
PLOWMAN, Doris M. (0179) Lej to MCRD PI
PRICE, Utah V. (1871) MarPac to CamPen FFT
PROKOPIC, Andrew E. (3014) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PROUTY, Cecil M. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
RADESZSISKY, John (3519) I&I 1st-DepSupBn USMCR Norfolk to CamPen FFT
RAGAN, Vernon S. (5249) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to CamPen FFT
REVIS, Herman M. (2119) 6th MCRRD Atlanta to CamPen FFT
RICKS, Kelly E. (3019) Lej to CamPen FFT
RISSER, Desmont R. (3019) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
ROBERTSON, George E. (5849) AirFMFPac El Toro to Mar Acty as MarPac may dir
ROBERTSON, William (0147) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lej
ROBINSON, Richard E. (1814) MarPac to CamPen FFT
ROGERS, James K. (0449) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
ROGERS, Thomas C. (6600) MARTD MARTC Dallas to AirFMFPac EL Toro FFT
ROMERO, Victor W. (1861) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
SCOTT, Hugh C. (3419) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
SEBJANITS, Geza (0339) 3dMARDiv to SctyFor POA (Guam)
SHAFFER, Robert (2569) FMFLant to CamPen FFT
SHAW, Virgil R. (1836) HQMC (StateDept-Dhahran, Saudi Arabia) to ForTrps FMFLant CamPen
SHEFCHICK, Mikolay (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SIEMER, James E. (0231) 3dMarDiv to AirFMFPac El Toro
SILVA, Chester (3519) Lej to CamPen FFT
SIMPSON, Vance R. (5239) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
SIOSS, George W. (1841) Quant to CamPen FFT
SITZIER, Walter L. (2269) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
SMITH, William A. (0149) I&I 46th-SplInfCo USMCR Albany NY to CamPen FFT
SMITH, William A. (6939) MTG-20 CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
SOMMER, Anthony P. (3519) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
SOSKO, Edward J. (0149) FMFLant Norfolk to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SPECHT, Arthur W. (2519) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
SPRUTH, Carl G. (0147) MB NTC GLakes to 9thMCRRD Chicago
SPUSTA, Steve C. (3169) Lej to CamPen FFT
TIMONEF, John J. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
TOWNSEND, Aubrey C. (0147) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
TURNER, Millie (3519) MCDS Albany Ga to CamPen FFT
ULTSCH, Harold E. (3519) I&I 2d-SupBn USMCR Phila to CamPen FFT
UTT, Richard (0316) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
VANATTA, Fred M. (3379) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
WAGNER, John G. (3539) Lej to CamPen FFT
WAGONER, Roy L. (0335) MB Clarksville (Tenn) Base to CamPen FFT
WALKER, Alvin G. (3024) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
WALL, Frank T. (2279) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
WARD, Clarence W. Jr. (0147) 8th-MCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
WELLS, James W. (3014) MCRD PI to MarCorCloDep Phila
WHITE, Raphael C. (0848) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
WHITFORD, Clyde Jr. (3539) I&I 1stTrkCo USMCR Tulsa to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WHITLOCK, Donald W. (0147) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to FMFPacTrps CamPen
WILKINSON, Earl B. (1871) MB NTC GLakes to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
WILLIAMS, John P. Jr. (0439) 2d-MarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STAFF SERGEANTS

ACORD, Randall (3361) Lej to CamPen FFT
ADCOCK, Johnny A. (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
ALCALA, Gilbert L. (7011) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
AMOND, John E. (3539) I&I 4thTrkCo USMCR Erie Pa to CamPen FFT
ANDREWS, Bob (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
AVERY, Neil E. (0316) 9thMCRRD Chicago to MarActy as MarPac may dir
AVERY, Robert E. (0355) Quant to CamPen FFT

TURN PAGE

TRANSFERS (cont.)

BALDWIN, Charles B. (0316) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
BARNETT, Hubert H. Jr. (0147) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
BARRY, Leonard L. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Lisbon,Por) to MarActy as MarPac may dir
BATEMAN, Thomas B. (0147) MB NAS Memphis to 2dMarDiv Lej
BERGER, Paul A. (4671) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
BICKETT, Joseph L. (6413) MARTD MARTC Iathe Kans to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BLACKETT, Robert H. (0316) MB NAD Crane Ind to 2dMarDiv Lej
BOWDEN, Vernon (5841) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BRENNAN, William J. (6413) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
BRODRICK, Robert G. (6413) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BROWN, Ralph R. (1119) 2dMAW CherPt to MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va
BROWNE, Samuel A. Jr. (0765) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
BRUSER, Leonard E. (0316) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lej
BRUNETT, Albert A. (3413) MarCorCloDep Phila to HQMC
BUZZELL, Howard D. (6819) 2dMAW CherPt to MB NAS Lakehurst
CAMP, Robert D. (3013) MarPac to CamPen FFT
CAMPBELL, Claude L. (1146) MCRD PI to FMFLant Norfolk
CANEVIT, George H. (3013) 43SpIInf-Co USMCR GLakes to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CANNON, Frank E. (6413) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
CARAWAY, Leo D. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to I&I 22dRifCo USMCR Winston-Salem N.C.
CARNEY, Edward B. Jr. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Vienna) to MarActy as MarPac may dir
CASINI, Natale R. (1539) MarCorCloDep Phila to FMFLant Norfolk
CHALTRY, Paul J. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
CHERRY, Marvin (3371) MCRD PI to Lej
CHRISMAN, George L. Jr. (4312) FMFPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
CLARK, William D. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
COLLIER, Richard R. (3019) MarPac to I&I 20thSpIInfCo USMCR Rockford Ill
COLLINS, Lawrence A. (3013) MCDS Albany Ga to CamPen FFT
CRANDALL, Robert J. (0147) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to FMFPacTrps CamPen
CRAWFORD, John J. (0316) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
CRUMBACKER, Jesse L. (0147) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
CULLER, Robert S. (5239) 8th-MCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
CUTTING, Douglas S. (5841) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
DAVIDSON, "J" "D" (0337) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DAVIDSON, Warren H. (6413) MARTD MARTC SWeymouth Mass to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DE GROOT, George A. (3379) FMF-Pac to 2dMarDiv Lej
DEMYANOVICH, George (0316) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
DEROUIN, Thomas A. (0147) MARTD MARTC Glenview Ill to FMFLant Norfolk
DILLMAN, Richard J. (0336) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
DODGE, Wilson R. (6413) MARTD MARTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DOOLITTLE, Jeff (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
DOYAL, Lester (0335) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
DUBE, Joseph A. (3023) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
DUNGAN, Richard A. (5231) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lej
DUNLAP, Jerry S. (3534) MCAS Miami to CamPen FFT
DURAND, Victor D. (3534) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MacActy as MarPac may dir
EAST, Harris R. (0337) Air FMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
ELDON, Ralph T. (3013) Quant to CamPen FFT
FADDEN, William L. (4136) Lej to CamPen FFT
FELDHAUS, James C. (3534) I&I 1st-155mmHowBn USMCR Phila to CamPen FFT
FELTS, William F. (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
FENWICK, George W. (6434) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
FERGUSON, William R. (2533) Quant to CamPen FFT
FIACCO, Albert J. (3516) I&I 6th-90mmAAAGunBtry USMCR New Castle Pa to CamPen FFT
FINN, Thomas J. (3111) 5thMCRRD Arlington Va to CamPen FFT
FLADBY, Robert D. (6613) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
FLANAGAN, John T. Jr. (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FOSTER, Joseph E. (3014) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
FRENCH, Robert M. (0765) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
FUCHS, Arnold W. (4136) MarPac to CamPen FFT
GAJEWSKI, Joseph P. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
GARDNER, George M. (0147) Quant to CamPen FFT
GARDNER, Harry J. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
GARDNER, Thomas R. (6412) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
GEORGE, William E. Jr. (0816) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
GLASER, Alvin D. (1814) MarPac to CamPen FFT
GOLDSBERRY, Frank W. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
GORDON, Lisle E. (6412) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
GRADICK, John E. Jr. (3016) ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT

"I have to go now Eddie, rotation you know."
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GUEVARRO, Henry S. (3361) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
GUSTAVE, John N. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HALBROOK, Charles I. (2539) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
HALEY, Roy M. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
HANNIS, Emil M. (2511) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
HATCHEL, Joe H. (0336) Quant to CamPen FFT
HAYBECK, Harold S. (6419) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HEALEY, Joseph E. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
HEARD, George T. (0765) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
HELTON, William (0316) MD USS Northampton to 2dMarDiv Lej
HERMAN, John S. (3534) HQMC (StateDept-Calcutta, India) to MCRD PI
HERRERA, Noe E. (0335) MB NAVANTRACOM Corpus Christi to Cam Pen FFT
HERSHEY, Donald E. (3211) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
HICKEY, Harold H. (6431/6481) 2dMAW CherPt to MARTD MARTC Floyd Bennett Fld Brooklyn
HILLER, Lawrence M. Sr. (6711) MCAS MIAMI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HITCH, Avery M. Jr. (7041) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HOLLAND, John F. Jr. (0147) 1st-ProvMarCorGMBn NOTS Inyokern China Lake Calif to MarActy as MarPac may dir
HOLLINGSWORTH, Richard A (3013) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
HUMLICEK, Peter P. Jr. (3017) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
HUMPHREY, Laurence C. (6519) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HYDE, Cecil H. (0336) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
JAGOW, Ervin D. (3534) MARTD MARTC Niagara Falls to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JEFFERIS, Don O. (0147) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
JAYNES, Richard C. (1814) Quant to CamPen FFT
KACKLEY, James H. (0335) Quant to CamPen FFT
KARCHER, Harold L. (6413) MARTD MARTC Grosse Ile Mich to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KEEL, Paul L. Jr. (2511) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
KINDIG, Jack C. (0316) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
KING, Claude E. (2511) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KINSEY, Benjamin F. (0371) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
KNOX, Charles J. (6444) MARTD MARTC SWeymouth Mass to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KRAJICEK, John J. (3516) I&I 3d-90mmAAAGunBtry USMCR Ohama to CamPen FFT
KRAMPF, John E. Jr. (6444) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KROUSE, Ervin G. (5839) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
KRUKEMBERG, Larvern R. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LACEY, Wilson J. (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
LAITINEN, Richard J. (4691) Quant to HQMC
LAMAR, Maurice L. (3014) Lej to CamPen FFT
LANGLEY, Robert E. (1136) 2dMAW CherPt to HQMC
LANGMEYER, Thomas H. (6413) MARTD MARTC Columbus O to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LAVISKA, Charles P. (6511) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
LAWLESS, Patricia M. (0173) MCAS El Toro to MCRD PI
LAWNZAK, Ora L. (3019) 2dMarDiv to MB NAD Ft Mifflin Phila
LEAHY, John J. (6619) MCAB CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
LECROY, Carl R. (3534) MCRD PI to 2dMar Div Lej
LEE, Robert B. (0366) 3dMarDiv to SctyFor POA (Philippine Is)
LEHR, Albert L. (4939) Lej to CamPen FFT
LESLEY, Steven A. (0316) Quant to CamPen FFT
LEVENQUE, Glenn (0231) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LINNEKEN, Joseph W. (0337) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LOCHMAN, Walter F. (5849) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
LOCKMAN, Frank F. (0431) TTU PhibTraLant LCreek Va to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LOHAN, William D. (1836) Lej to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
LOHDAMM, William S. (0337) Lej to CamPen FFT
LONG, Herman L. (0336) MB NB Charleston to 2dMarDiv Lej
LYONS, Kenneth G. (6511) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
MAGEE, Martin D. (0147) MBNTC GLakes to Quant
MAHAFFEY, Johnny L. (3371) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
MANEY, Richard J. (1533) MarCorCloDep Phila to Quant
MANNEY, William L. (5849) AirFMFPac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
MARINE, Houston D. (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MARTIN, Loyd F. (6413) MARTD MARTC Dallas to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MARTIN, Raymond B. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MARTINEZ, Edmund O. (6449) MAD NATTC Memphis to 2dMAW CherPt
MAYO, William R. (0335) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MC CLAIN, "C" "B" (6413) MB NAVATRACOM Corpus Christi to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC CORD, Hugh D. (3016) 9thMCRRD Chicago to Lej
MC DURMIN, Richard E. (0316) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MC INTYRE, James B. (0147) MARTD MARTC Glenview Ill to Quant
MC KELLAR, Charles W. F. (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MC KINNEY, William A. (0147) MB NB Newport RI to FMFLant NB Norfolk
MC NEIL, Harold (6461) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC ROBERTS, Charles H. (0335) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MB Clarksville (Tenn) Base
MEECE, Ralph D. (3017) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MELEEN, John D. (6434) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
MILLER, James A. (5239) MarPac to HQMC
MILLER, Robert I. (0316) 4th MCRRD Phila to CamPen FFT
MINASSIAN, Louis J. (6461) MCAS Miami to MCAS Navy #990
MOES, William E. (3539) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MONTERA, Jack R. (0336) MB NB Brooklyn to CamPen FFT
MOORE, Ray A. (2141) Lej to CamPen FFT
MOREHEAD, Jack (3534) MCDS Albany Ga to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MULDER, Thomas W. (3027) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MUNDY, Robert W. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MURPHY, Henry E. Jr. (0337) MB NAS Jax Fla to CamPen FFT
MURRAY, Gilbert W. (6413) MARTD MARTC LosAlam to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MYERS, Leo M. (3036) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MYERS, Robert L. (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
NELSON, John C. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
NESLAND, Oakley A. Jr. (6413) MARTD MARTC Denver to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NIVENS, Billy G. (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
NOBLE, Carl A. (6819) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NAS Lakehurst
NOLTE, Frederick A. (0147) MarPac to CamPen FFT
NORRIS, Harvey F. (0316) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
O'DONNELL, Robert J. (5700) Lej to CamPen FFT
OLSON, Philip A. (0147) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
OSTRANDER, Vernon D. (6413) MARTD MARTC Grosse Ile Mich to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
OWENS, "J" "W" (3613) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
PALMER, Robert C. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
PARENT, Richard A. (5711) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
PARKER, John G. (2661) MB NAD Earle NJ to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PEEL, Jack B. (0336) Quant to CamPen FFT
PEREZ, Elizandro D. (6481) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
PERRI, Arnold A. (0336) I&I 10th-RifCo USMCR Grand Rapids Mich to CamPen FFT
PERRINE, Harlan E. (1166) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PERSCHBACHER, Edwin J. (6439) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
PHILLIPS, James C. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
PHILO, Duwayne A. (0335) MarPac to CamPen FFT
POCIUS, Julian B. (0848) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
POE, William J. (0147) 9thMCRRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv Lej
POMMERENING, Dennis G. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
PRATT, Melville A. Jr. (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
PYLE, Benjamin M. (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PYBURN, Charles V. (1136) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

END

MAIL CALL

[*continued from page 8*]

Sgt. Charles F. Caletka, Military Training Office, Barstow Annex, MCDS, Barstow, Calif., to hear from **Corps. John R. COOK, John CHELEOTIS** and **John E. NORDIN** or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. Richard R. Swift, VMJ-3, Third Marine Air Wing, MCAS, Miami, Fla., to hear from **Pfc Lawrence E. PIERCE.**

* * *

Pfc Tom A. Mix, Marine Security Guard, American Embassy, Copenhagen, Denmark, to hear from **Pfcs Leo MONDANI** and **FOSTER.**

* * *

Pfc Jimmy H. McClure, H&S Co., First Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Harold BARNES.**

* * *

Corp. Dick Tatje, H&HS, MACG-2, First Marine Air Wing, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Robert E. Lee (Bobo) NEWMAN.**

* * *

Pfc Gene C. Snow, Ninth Marines Third Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Ronald GERHARDT.**

* * *

Corp. Harry H. Ford, H&S Co., Ninth Marines, Third Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Ronnie N. BARROWS.**

* * *

Sgt. Joseph J. Kelly, Jr., 2001 W. 12th St., Erie, Pa., to hear from **Corp. Anapuni COLEMAN** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Bernard A. Cohen, Perry Point Veterans Hospital, Perryville, Md., to hear from **Sgt. William LASTINGER.**

* * *

Former Marine Paul Biddle, 1350 21st St., Des Moines, Iowa, to hear from **Corp. James DOZE.**

* * *

Miss Patty Nuth, 416 Mercer St., Butler, Pa., to hear from **Pfc Willie B. WILLIAMSON** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. Robert J. Bell, MD (Bermuda), Navy # 138, c/o FPO N. Y., N. Y., to hear from **SSgt. D. S. GUISTO, Pfcs E. E. PATTERSON, Harvey W. RITTER** and **Anthony DEPAGLO.**

Former Marine Ralph Brandel, 2184 Barnes Ave., Bronx, N. Y., N. Y., to hear from buddies who served with the 81-mm. Mortars, 3d Btry., Seventh Marines during 1952-53.

* * *

Pfc Robert W. Marien, MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nev., to hear from Marines **Robert LEWICKIE** and **John T. MARTIN.**

* * *

Sgt. E. L. (Knobby) Walsh, Ward F-12, U. S. Naval Hospital, Corona, Calif., to hear from former buddies.

* * *

TSgt. T. J. Ballew, Station Laundry, MCAS, El Toro (Santa Ana), Calif., to hear from **TSgt. Eddie LEVANTINE** and **SSgt. Robert KARST.**

* * *

Former Marine Jack Mahoney, 663 Keough St., Bishop, Calif., to hear from **Bill COOK,** formerly of Bishop.

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 10

1. (b); 2. (c); 3. (a); 4. (a); 5. (c); 6. (a); 7. (c); 8. (a); 9. (a); 10. (a).

Mrs. Murray Greene, R. #1, Box #269, Boone, N. C., to hear from anyone having information concerning her son, **Pfc John Frank GREENE,** reported KIA April 8, 1953, while serving with "C" Co., 1st MT Bn., First Marine Division.

* * *

Corp. George R. Goodson, American Legation, APO #81, c/o Postmaster, N. Y., N. Y., to hear from Marines **M. B. DAVIS, Charles NEAL, LeRoy BARNES** and anyone he served with in the Philippines, Japan or Korea.

* * *

SSgt. Harding W. McCiver, "E" Co., MCSD, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from **Sgt. Phillips B. MURRY.**

* * *

Former Marine Donald (Smiley) Kremer, 831 William St., Cape Girardeau, Mo., to hear from buddies of Plt. 18, 3d Bn., MCRD, San Diego, who began training in Feb., 1951.

* * *

MSgt. Thomas D. Mackey, Jr., MP Co., 1stMarDiv, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **MSgt. Herman C. BRUTON,** believed to be serving in the Philippines.

END

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"I do too play fair."

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ZUNINO, Dominic P. 818081

GOLDEN GRIPES

[*continued from page 57*]

stamp his clothes—with his own name.

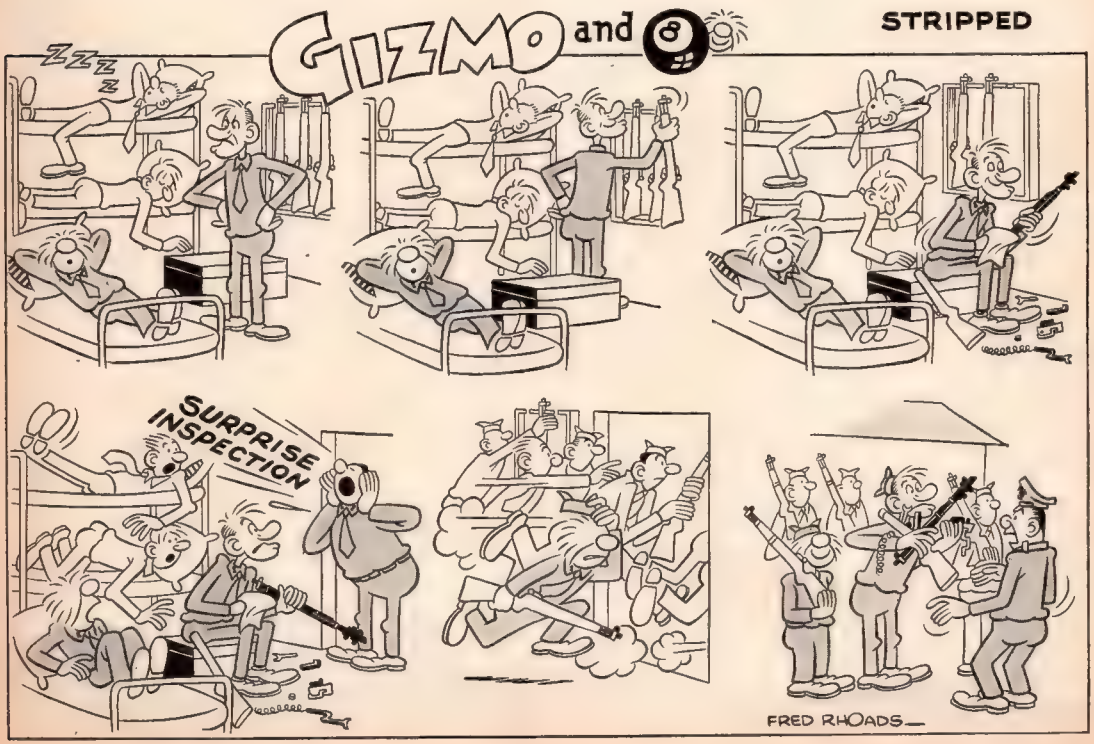
As an added Marine Corps touch, Bean has placed a calling card-sized copy of the Marine Corps General Orders with each of the company's products. "The card can be carried in any pocket," he explains, "and if any of these new Marines are like me, they'll need it. I never could remember those General Orders." The cards have proved a popular item, and requests have come in from Marines from all over the world for additional copies. A recent letter from the CO of the Marine Detachment aboard the *USS Rochester* asked for enough for each man of the unit. The cards were sent by return mail.

Credit for the newest production in the mill goes to Technical Sergeant Charles Hemphill, of Camp Pendleton. Hemphill had been toying with the idea of a plastic holder for the back of campaign ribbons. When used with the summer uniform, it holds the rows of ribbons neatly and rigidly. He had been using a piece of cardboard in the past, but found that it required replacement at regular intervals. He cut a holder out of a plastic pie dish, and it worked so well he tried to sell the idea to a company specializing in military products, but met with little success. Told to see Fields Bean and Kenneth Nolan, Hemphill journeyed to San Clemente and presented the holder to the enterprising firm. It was accepted and the holders are now coming off the

press. Hemphill will be paid on a royalty basis, and he's hoping—along with Kenfields Products—that every man in the Corps will want one of the holders.

Bean is planning future production along the military line, but is scouting around for anything that will be useful to anyone—anywhere. National and international sales distributors now carry his products to military establishments of all the Armed Forces, but if a product aimed at civilian consumption can be worked out, a new sales campaign will be aimed in that direction. Bean is now working on a new automobile windshield wiper that will never stick to the window, and in the planning stage is a small inconspicuous blotter for restaurants which will absorb the coffee which is inevitably spilled into the saucer. When moistened by the spilled coffee, invisible lettering will make its appearance on the blotter, spelling out the advertising message, "You have just spilled some fine ———— Company coffee."

But primarily, the company is interested in military products and would welcome suggestions from military personnel. Any ideas mailed to them at Box 624, San Clemente, Calif., will receive careful screening and consideration. So if you've got a gripe—and a plausible solution for it—now is the time to get busy. Maybe you'll come up with a contraption which will put a perpetual smile on the face of your first sergeant. An item of that sort could do a rushing business. **END**



LEATHERNECK'S
PIN UP FOR
SEPTEMBER
Marilyn Novak

BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is *Leatherneck's* interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

KOREAN PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION . . . Public Law 354, 83rd Congress, permits members and former members of the Armed Forces of the United States, under certain conditions, to accept foreign awards for service in Korea.

The following information has been published through BUPERS INSTRUCTION 1650-5 and Headquarters Marine Corps Medals and Awards Branch for those concerned.

Units of the Marine Corps eligible for the Korean Presidential Unit Citation and the dates of the awards:

First Provisional Marine Brigade
2 Aug 1950 to 6 Sep 1950
First Marine Aircraft Wing
3 Aug 1950 to 26 Feb 1951
27 Feb 1951 to 11 Jun 1953
First Marine Division
11 Sep 1950 to 27 Sep 1950
26 Oct 1950 to 27 Jul 1953
First Korean Marine Corps Regimental Combat Team and the U.S. Marine Corps Advisory Group attached
30 Oct 1952 to 1 Nov 1952

Information pertinent to the wearing of the Korean Presidential Unit Citation by eligible personnel.

The Korean Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon Bar is worn with a FRAME.

The National Colors of the Republic of Korea shown in the center of the ribbon should be worn with the RED up.

A Bronze Oak-Leaf Cluster, indicative of a second award, is authorized to be worn centered in the ribbon immediately OVER the National Colors with the stem inboard.

In the event two Oak-Leaf Clusters are worn, one to the right and one to the left of the colors.

The ribbon should be worn after all American and foreign awards issued to date.

Information will be furnished at a later date regarding the wearing of this ribbon when medals are worn.

PIN STRIPE DETAIL . . . Headquarters Marine Corps recently revised the requirements for duty with the State Department. The new qualifications are contained in CMC ltr to all COs DFB-1919-fad-3 of 8 July 1954.

The new additional requirements include being a volunteer for this type duty. The physical requirements have been raised to where it is mandatory that applicants are at least 67 inches in height, weight in proportion to height and have commendable military bearing. The rank of corporal must be held before being eligible for assignment.

NCO FITNESS REPORT CHANGE . . . Effective 20 June 1954, change number one to Marine Corps General Order No. 136 went into effect whereby noncommissioned officers' fitness reports will not be submitted on NCOs of the grade of Sergeant.

TURN PAGE

EARLY SEPARATION FROM ACTIVE DUTY . . . Marine Corps General Order Number 157 dated 1 June 1954 sets the program into motion regarding the early separation of certain enlisted personnel from active duty who are not qualified for reenlistment as prescribed by current qualifications for reenlistment, re. Marine Corps General Order No. 145. The new order reads, "Effective 1 August 1954, enlisted regular Marines serving on an initial enlistment who have a GCT score of less than 90, will be screened thoroughly by their commanding officers approximately three to five months (where possible) prior to completion of service set forth in the following table. Marines who are not considered qualified for reenlistment, in accordance with provisions of General Order 145, will be separated on the date they complete the period of service as shown below. . . ."

PERIOD OF SERVICE REQUIRED TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR EARLY SEPARATION

Month Separation to be Effected	Period of Service Required on Day of Separation (in months)
August, 1954	35
September	34
October	33
November	32
December	31
January, 1955	30
February	30
March	30
April	30
May	30
June	30

The early releases effected by the authority of Marine Corps General Order 157 in no way affect any military obligation that individuals have acquired in accordance with the Universal Military Training and Service Act, as amended.

OFF-DUTY EDUCATIONAL COURSES . . . The Marine Corps has established new regulations concerning the partial payment of tuition costs or payment of instructors' salaries for off-duty educational courses.

Marine Corps General Order 156 dated 12 June 1954 contains the information pertaining to the eligibility of Marines applying for the program. Personnel of the Regular Marine Corps or Marine Corps Reserve on extended active duty and personnel of other Armed Services attached to the Marine Corps, may apply through their commanding officers for applications.

WAR CLAIMS COMMISSION . . . President Eisenhower has established a new Foreign Claims Settlement Commission. The new Commission takes over the functions of the old War Claims Commission, the International Claims Commission and the functions assigned to the Commissioner of Claims against Russia and Russian nationals, which arose prior to November 16, 1933.

An expansion of the present war claims program to be administered by the new Commission has been laid before the Congress by the Administration. It would provide for payment of nine new categories of claims by American citizens or nationals for personal suffering or for losses sustained in World War II and in Korean hostilities. A bill that is presently pending in Congress would provide for extension of World War II prisoners of war and civilian detention payments to Americans captured in Korea.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 13]

worn whenever the Summer service A or B and blue undress C uniform is authorized. Gilt ornaments are to be worn with the Blue uniform.

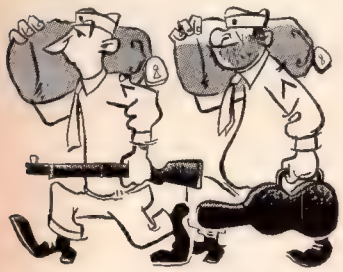
(2) Flannel shirts are for wear with the field type uniform, when authorized. They are never worn for liberty or with the garrison type uniform. They should be displayed when in the possession of an individual.

(3) It is not known when the overcoat will be restricted. It will still be authorized for wear during the fiscal year of 1955, however.

(4) The official shade of dress shoes is "dark brown mahogany." (This information was originally published in Marine Corps Bulletin No. 21-50, now cancelled. It will be included in a future change to Chapter 49, Marine Corps Manual).

(5) The tip of the cover for the dress white bayonet scabbard should be dark brown mahogany and it should be polished with the same polish used for shining dress shoes.

(6) Paragraph 2 of Marine Corps General Order Number 135 states, "Each enlisted Marine will retain the M-1 rifle currently in his possession when transferred under any or all of the following conditions:



a. When movement involves intrapost travel only.

b. When travel is to be performed as a member of an organized troop draft.

c. When travel is accomplished via government conveyance.

d. When directed by commanders authorized to issue travel orders if considered necessary for the preservation of combat readiness."

(7) The official photographs for Clothing and Equipment displays may be found in the current Guidebook for Marines, *Third and Fourth Revised Editions. The photos appear in Chapter 7, "Packs and Equipment."—Ed.*

END

The Old Gunny Says...

"MEN, the combat morale of your outfit, next to its actual performance in battle, is the real sign of success or weakness on the part of the unit's leaders, and by leaders I mean us NCOs as well as the officers. All of us, whether we are leading a fire team, platoon or company, contribute to this combat morale and can influence it—*if* we know our men.

"I wanta talk to you a couple of minutes about what I mean when I say you gotta know your men and some things to look for in determining what shape your men are in. Now, I wanta emphasize the words 'look for' because in order to know about your men and their morale you have gotta *observe* them and consider them as individuals as well as a unit.

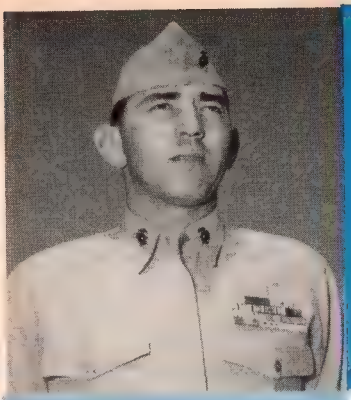
"One thing to consider as an indication of combat morale, when you have been in a rough fight or been in the lines a long time, is shock. When the unit begins to show signs of inefficiency in routine operations and when the subordinate leaders become indecisive they are usually showing the results of fatigue and casualties. As units suffer casualties there is often the tendency for surviving leaders to take on more and more of their subordinate leaders' duties rather than having those leaders continue to do the dangerous tasks. The unit must be quickly put back on proper operating procedures and normal military standards.

"Another sign to consider is the unit's reaction to combat casualties. A dangerous indication is any callousness toward casualties or any general carelessness that results in casualties. Quite often carelessness in individual conduct in battle is the result of fatigue—but when it is the result of lax and faulty operating procedures, then it is a problem of morale and leadership.

"You can tell a lot about men and their combat spirit by the way they talk and look and act. A unit that's 'hot to trot' always has some chatter, it hasn't lost its sense of humor. But when the outfit is silent, dead-panned and drags itself around, then something is wrong.

"The lash-up that is really 'ready' is the one with the weapons that are kept clean; each man has all his essential combat gear, he knows how to wear it and he can sleep for ten minutes and wake up at high port ready to trot. His conduct in battle is always like a 'cool' Indian. He may be dirty from days in the mud and dust but he has a ready smile and is quick to say that his outfit is the best gang of hard-charging characters in the whole division.

"Well, what can you NCOs do to influence the combat morale of your men? First you gotta get around and see these things. Really observe and study your people by visits and personal conversation. Make every effort to know all your men. Set them a constant example by your confidence, encouragement and concern for their welfare. Under all conditions set the example in dress, appearance and conduct. And never lose your sense of humor. Humor can pull us all through many a tough situation. At the same time don't forget combat leadership is the most serious job in the world because these men's lives are at stake. Also don't forget it's these *individual men* of ours who, when added up, make our combat teams and what these teams do or don't do depends a great deal on their spirit and combat morale. That brings us back to the point; your job is to observe and know your men so that you can influence and control their battlefield morale. In other words, *get with the troops*!" **END**



2nd Quarter 3rd Annual Contest

High Rifle

Winchester Rifle, Gold Medal and $50

SSGT WILEY B. CARGILL—238
Ordinance Maintenance Unit
Ordinance Supply Section, MCSD
Camp Pendleton, California

Leatherneck

RIFLE AWARD WINNERS

Second Prize

Silver Medal, and $50

TSGT NEWMAN G. WATSON, JR.—237
Weapons Training Battalion
Marine Corps Recruit Depot
Parris Island, South Carolina

Third Prize

Bronze Medal, and $50
TSGT WESLEY R. GOFF—237
Disbursing Office, Force Troops
Fleet Marine Force, Pacific
Camp Pendleton, California

HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE OTHER AWARDS IN THE SECOND QUARTER

LEATHERNECK RIFLE COMPETITION

IN ADDITION TO THESE PRIZES, ALL WINNERS RECEIVED A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO LEATHERNECK

STAFF NCOs—SGTS	CORPORALS	PFCS—PVTS	RECRUITS
WINNERS OF GOLD MEDAL AND $30 IN CASH			
237 TSgt J. C. Pfeil MCDS, San Francisco, Cal.	236 J. W. Lee MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C.	235 Pfc F. G. Acuna 2dInfTrngRegt, Camp Pendleton	236 T. M. Schlegel 6thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
WINNERS OF SILVER MEDAL AND $15 IN CASH			
236 TSgt N. P. Stiles 2dMarDiv, Camp Lejeune	236 J. D. Lowe 8thEngBn, Camp Lejeune	235 Pfc K. P. Parks WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island	233 A. J. Breske 3rdRecTrngBn, San Diego
WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDAL AND $15 IN CASH			
236 Sgt J. E. Waldron MB, NB, Boston, Mass.	235 T. A. Corboy MCDS, San Francisco, Cal.	234 Pfc G. L. Long MCDS, San Francisco, Cal.	233 R. F. Passarelli 1stRecTrngBn, San Diego
WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDALS			
236 SSgt R. Stringer 4thRecTrngBn, Parris Island	235 C. K. Millsap Navy 990, FPO San Francisco	234 Pfc R. B. Rosabaugh H&SBn, Parris Island	233 N. E. Nelson 1stRecTrngBn, Parris Island
236 MSgt L. O. Wallace 3dMarDiv, FPO San Francisco	235 D. L. Cesena MCAS, Santa Ana, Cal.	234 Pfc B. H. Rector, Jr. MCB, Camp Pendleton, Cal.	232 G. Salazar 2dRecTrngBn, San Diego
236 SSgt W. A. Herrington SupCo Ser Bn, Quantico, Va.	234 R. Williams, Jr. MB, NB, Boston, Mass.	234 Pvt T. Q. McCoy NAS, Moffett Field, Cal.	232 R. A. Fisher 1stRecTrngBn, Parris Island
WINNERS OF LEATHERNECK CERTIFICATES			
236 TSgt E. C. Carrell MCDS, San Francisco	232 S. Hranek I&I, Binghamton, N. Y.	233 Pfc R. Crowe II MCSD, Camp Pendleton	232 W. E. Merritt 1stRecTrngBn, Parris Island
236 MSgt R. H. Pringle MCB, Camp Pendleton	231 J. J. Neiman 2dMAW, Cherry Point, N. C.	233 Pfc J. B. Daugherty 2dMarDiv, Camp Lejeune	231 C. L. Dubois 5thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
236 MSgt G. C. Schrum MB, NB, Philadelphia, Pa.	231 J. S. Bakke El Toro, Santa Ana, Cal.	233 Pfc A. M. Farley MCB, Camp Pendleton, Cal.	231 R. Gould 1stRecTrngBn, San Diego
236 TSgt F. E. Brisbois MCDS, San Francisco, Cal.	231 K. L. Wilson MCB, Camp Pendleton, Cal.	232 Pvt A. E. Gostafson MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C.	231 S. H. Landrum 2dRecTrngBn, San Diego
235 MSgt R. H. Van Buskirk A Co., HqBn, Quantico, Va.	231 H. J. Vincent MCCDep, Philadelphia, Pa.	232 Pfc B. L. M. Burrell MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C.	231 C. D. Nelson 3rdRecTrngBn, San Diego
235 SSgt D. Brown Bridgeport, Cal.	230 R. Himenes VMF-214, FPO San Francisco	232 Pfc L. N. Max MCB, Camp Pendleton, Cal.	231 W. F. McKinney 3rdRecTrngBn, Parris Island
235 Sgt J. A. Lively MCB, Camp Lejeune, N. C.	230 W. T. Dunbar MCS, Quantico, Va.	231 Pfc D. R. Troge MCDS, Philadelphia, Pa.	231 C. J. Horn 5thRecTrngBn, Parris Island
235 Sgt R. L. Sentman WpnsTrngBn, San Diego, Cal.	230 J. E. Eyman MCSD, Camp Pendleton, Cal.	231 Pfc A. J. Kotecki SATR, MCB, Camp Pendleton, Cal.	231 J. J. Sammarco 1stRecTrngBn, Parris Island
234 TSgt G. R. Sullivan Dep of Pac, San Francisco	230 W. F. Pickett MCRDep, San Diego, Cal.	231 Pfc R. E. White 8thTankBnFMF, Camp Lejeune	231 R. P. Garden 4thRecTrngBn, San Diego
234 SSgt W. D. Drum, Jr. 1st CSG, Camp Pendleton	229 N. J. Folden MCTC, 29 Palms, Cal.	231 Pfc B. Pappas H&SBn, Parris Island, S. C.	231 J. R. Donley 3rdRecTrngBn, San Diego

CINDER CIRCUS

[*continued from page 47*]

3-Charles Washington, Camp Lejeune. Time: 0:22.2.
440-YARD RUN—1-Donald Smith, Camp Pendleton; 2-Ronald Buckner, Camp Lejeune; 3-Charles Washington, Camp Lejeune. Time: 0:49.8
880-YARD RUN—1-Wes Santee, Quantico; 2-Carl Joyce, Quantico; 3-Theodore Francis, Camp Lejeune. Time: 1:52.3 (New All-Marine Record)
MILE-RUN—1-Wes Santee, Quantico; 2-Charles Benfield, Quantico; 3-Lewis Andrade, Camp Pendleton. Time: 4:07 (New All-Marine Record)
TWO-MILE-RUN—1-Thomas Vorhees, Quantico; 2-Melvin Sanderson, Camp Pendleton; 3-Charles Franz, Camp Lejeune. Time: 10:06.6
THREE-MILE-RUN—1-Arthur Garcia, Quantico; 2-Phillip Carroll, Camp Lejeune; 3-Melvin Sanderson, Camp Pendleton. Time: 15:40.6
TWO-MILE STEEPLECHASE—1-Carl Joyce, Quantico; 2-Chester Franz, Camp Lejeune; 3-Phillip Carroll, Camp Lejeune. Time: 11:16.2
120-YARD HIGH HURDLES—1-Clayne Jensen, Camp Pendleton; 2-Donald Walker, Camp Lejeune; 3-Howard Bankston, Camp Lejeune. Time: 0:15.0
220-YARD LOW HURDLES—1-Clayne Jensen, Camp Pendleton; 2-Donald Smith, Camp Pendleton; Donald Walker, Camp Lejeune (tied for second). Time: 0:24.2 (New All-Marine Record)
440-YARD HURDLES—1-Donald Smith, Camp Pendleton; 2-Clayne Jensen, Camp Pendleton; 3-John Allen, Quantico. Time: 0:55.1 (New All-Marine Record)
440-YARD RELAY—Camp Pendleton (Walter Taylor, John Parker, Clayne Jensen, Donald Smith). Time: 0:43.3.
MILE RELAY—Quantico (Joseph Schatzle, John Allen, Thomas Vorhees, Wes Santee). Time: 3:21.4 (New All-Marine Record)
BROAD JUMP—1-Mose Hunter, Camp Pendleton; 2-John Parker, Camp Pendleton; 3-Charles Washington, Camp Lejeune. Distance: 23'2½"
HIGH JUMP—1-A. J. Kohanowich, MCAS, Miami, Fla.; 2-Mose Hunter, Camp Pendleton; Donald Walker, Camp Lejeune; Jimmie Hodges, Camp Lejeune (tied for second). Height: 6'3"
POLE VAULT—1-Howard Bankston, Camp Lejeune; Charlie Stevenson, Camp Pendleton (tied for first); 2-Jack Zorlini, Camp Pendleton; George Brasfield, Quantico (tied for second). Height: 13'
HOP, STEP AND JUMP—1-Mose Hunter, Camp Pendleton; 2-John Parker, Camp Pendleton; 3-Daniel Ventres, Cherry Point. Distance: 45'11¾"

SHOT PUT—1-William Bodner, Quantico; 2-Ervin York, Camp Pendleton; 3-R. F. Brautigan, MCAS, Miami, Fla. Distance: 44'
HAMMER THROW—1-Ervin York, Camp Pendleton; 2-Charles Stevenson, Camp Pendleton; 3-R. F. Brautigan, MCAS, Miami, Fla. Distance: 123'2"
DISCUS—1-Robert Morse, El Toro; 2-Ervin York, Camp Pendleton, 3-George Demos, Quantico. Distance: 154'5½"
JAVELIN THROW—1-William Miller, Camp Pendleton; 2-Raymond Scott, Camp Lejeune; 3-Marvin Peterson, Quantico. Distance: 228'10"
TRIATHLON—1-Thomas Vorhees, Quantico, 2466.7 points; 2-Chester Franz, Camp Lejeune, 2143.5; 3-Melvin Sanderson, Camp Pendleton, 1786.1.

INTER-SERVICE RESULTS

100-YARD DASH—1-Fred Lucas, Navy; 2-Ollie Matson, Army; 3-Bob Ulrich, Air Force. Time: 0:9.6 (This mark was one-tenth of a second faster than the I-S record but was disallowed because of too much following wind)
220-YARD DASH—1-Fred Lucas, Navy; 2-Ollie Matson, Army; 3-Leonard Noles, Navy. Time: 0:21.0 (New Inter-Service Record)
440-YARD RUN—1-Walter Burnett, Army; 2-Ramon Lopez, Navy; 3-Carl Joyce, Marine Corps. Time: 0:48.6
880-YARD RUN—1-Billy Tidwell, Army; 2-Wes Santee, Marine Corps; 3-Lang Stanley, Army. Time: 1:51.8 (New Inter-Service Record)
ONE-MILE RUN—1-Wes Santee, Marine Corps; 2-Fred Dwyer, Army; 3-T. Wheeler, Army. Time: 4:12.6 (New Inter-Service Record)
THREE-MILE RUN—1-Wes Santee, Marine Corps; 2-Joseph Tyler, Navy; 3-Arthur Garcia, Marine Corps. Time: 14:49.3
TWO-MILE STEEPLECHASE—1-Phillip Coleman, Army; 2-Benny Wilson, Army; 3-Joseph Tyler, Navy. Time: 10:32.6
120-YARD HIGH HURDLES—1-Willie Stevens, Army; 2-Donald Hildreth, Air Force; 3-Clayne Jensen, Marine Corps. Time: 0:14.4
220-YARD LOW HURDLES—1-Clayne Jensen, Marine Corps; 2-William Purdue, Army; 3-Donald Hildreth, Air Force. Time: 0:23.5 (New Inter-Service Record)
440-YARD HURDLES—1-Frederick Faucett, Air Force; 2-Russell Smith, Army; 3-William Schimmel, Army. Time: 0:53.0 (New Inter-Service Record)
440-YARD RELAY—Army (Robert Green, George Brown, Ollie Matson, Alex Litman). Time: 0:41.4 (New Inter-Service Record)
ONE-MILE-RELAY—Army (James Lingel, Billy Tidwell, Lang Stanley, Walter Burnett). Time: 3:18.5
BROAD JUMP—1-Harold Schultz, Air Force; 2-George Brown, Army; 3-Russell Smith, Army. Distance: 23'7½"
HIGH JUMP—1-Lavern Smith, Navy; Vern Wilson, Army (tied for first); 2-Thomas Whetstine, Navy; Ralph Bonham, Army; Eric Roberts, Army (tied for second). Height: 6'6"
POLE VAULT—1-Lyle Dickey, Army; Lindsey Kenley, Army (tied for first); 3-Jim Terry, Navy. Height: 13'9½"
HAMMER THROW—1-Stephen Dillon, Army; 2-William Burton, Army; 3-Edward Kulas, Air Force. Distance: 172'1"
DISCUS—1-Ronald Drummond, Navy; 2-Earl Putnam, Army; 3-Delmar Swearingen, Army. Distance: 162'9½" (New Inter-Service Record)
JAVELIN THROW—1-William Miller, Marine Corps; 2-Bob Allison, Navy; 3-Eugene Mitchum, Army. Distance: 224'9½"
SHOT PUT—1-Earl Putnam, Army; 2-James Hollingsworth, Navy; 3-Howard Hertz, Army. Distance: 54'1¼" (New Inter-Service Record)
HOP, STEP AND JUMP—1-Benjamin Witherspoon, Army; 2-Jim Gerhardt, Navy; 3-Glen Beerline, Army. Distance: 48'3¼"
TRIATHLON—1-David Miller, Army, 2752.7 points; 2-Harlan Johnson, Army, 2704.5; 3-Edgar O'Hair, Army, 2697.6; 4-Mahatma Archer, Army, 2494. END

"I don't know if you're aware of it or not, corporal, but your enlistment is up."

Leatherneck Magazine

Gyrene Gyngles

Diminishing Return

When I wore a uniform
All the girls were alert for romances.
Their promises sweet and warm
Were like sunshine before the storm—
For now they first calculate my finances.

Elizabeth MacDougall

Interior Guard

Interior Guard is a nerve-wracking scheme,
When my name's on the list, I sputter and scream.
But I walk my post in a military manner
While whistling the "Star-Spangled Banner."

I observe all that takes place within sight or sound
As from bush to rock I leap and I bound.
I slosh through the mud when it's raining all night.
And when I secure my rifle's a fright.

It's covered with mud from receiver to bore
And I have a guard mount to make at four.
At 2300 the challenging starts
So beware all you strangers who travel these parts.

With a rifle it's known that I am the "most"
So heed my challenge when nearing my post.
Here comes a flashlight, now who could that be?
The Sergeant of the Guard and the OOD.

"Halt! Who is there?" in a loud, clear voice;
They stop in their tracks for I give them no choice.
I know the OOD and the Sarge of the Guard,
I stand at Port Arms and advance them a yard.

I smartly salute and my post I report
While the OOD returns my salute with a snort.
"Carry on," says he, "and do what you oughta,
Report all fires and any disorder."

I return to my watch, the right thing to do
And glance at the Government Prop'ty in view.
I must protect it, but that's not hard,
'Cause I can always call for the Corp. of the Guard.

For what seems like years I trudge, weak and weary,
My shoulders are sagged and my eyes are bleary.
Another light comes, I hope it's no thief,
'Cause I'm too damned tired—Thank God, my relief!

Pfc John F. Healey

Epitaph to a Sergeant

Of all the details
We did with vim,
The pleasantest
Was planting HIM!

Hal Chadwick

Seabag

He picked me up in '41
When I was stiff and green.
He stuffed me full of gear
That I had never seen.

I rocked and rolled upon the sea
And got wet at Peleliu.
And almost split my sides
Upon a beach or two.

I got all painted up in red
With places I had been.
Got soft and faded out,
Got pretty salty then.

I took some Stateside duty,
Vieques then the Med.
Then I heard "Korea"
And a guy they called a Red.

I'd never heard of Pusan,
Much less of Hagaru,
And just between the two of us,
Let's hope you never do.

The last time I saw him
We were both aboard the ship
I guess he knew then, that
This was his last trip.

When a stranger came to get me
I knew that I was done.
For I'd never want another.
For me there's only one.

The ship ride home was rather blue
While many thoughts went through my mind.
But most were of the sorrow
For the Marine I left behind.

Lt. John L. Fox, USMC

BOOKS REVIEWED

All books reviewed on this page can be ordered from LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

CAVALRY OF THE SKY. By Lynn Montross. Harper & Brothers, New York. Price $3.00

When Lynn Montross decided to write a book about Marine Corps helicopters, he searched the records at Headquarters Marine Corps and found enough material to write an outstanding history of the Corps' whirly birds.

Cavalry of the Sky airlifts the reader back to the early days of vertical flight and explores the concept behind the Marine Corps' use of the helicopter. A vivid passage is devoted to the employment of helicopters during the Korean conflict and to the possible future use of large transport 'copters in conjunction with atom warfare.

Cavalry of the Sky is not a fiction piece; rather, it is a factual presentation of accounts, dates and names which should be recognizable to every Marine who served with the First Division and First Marine Air Wing in Korea.

Marine Observation Squadron Six helicopters landed with the Brigade in August, 1950, and the book recalls the invaluable service performed by that group through the early days of Pusan, Inchon, Seoul and the Reservoir. Montross describes the performance of Marine Helicopter Squadron 161 during its early days and arrival in the combat zone. HMR-161 applied the Corps' new concept of vertical envelopment when it moved a battalion of men to the MLR from the reserve area.

Lynn Montross is no stranger to Marines and their background; he is a Corps historian assigned to Headquarters Marine Corps in Washington. He has contributed all of his book royalties to the Marine Corps Memorial Fund Foundation.

Edward Barnum

DON'T TREAD ON ME—A Novel of the Historic Exploits, Military and Gallant, of Commodore John Paul Jones. By Captain Walter Karig, USN, with Captain Horace V. Bird, USN. Rinehart & Company, Inc. Price $4.00

This tangy, salt-sprayed yarn of the sea is based upon the daring exploits of a famous sailing master, John Paul Jones, during the stormy days of America's Revolution. *Don't Tread On Me* is not a "fictionalized biography." Rather, it is a hard-hitting, robust novel which recounts the adventures of the legendary Jones, "who battled pirates, the Royal Navy, and the short-sighted legislators of his adopted country to achieve fame for himself and freedom for America."

Midshipman Manesseh Fisher, who sailed with Jones, penetrates the fog-shrouded legends and reveals the Commodore as a restless, troubled man who could find solace only while maneuvering a battle-rigged frigate or a woman.

And out of the haze comes a vivid story of "the man who captained his own ship at the age of 20 and went on to baffle, enrage—and beat—the British in every engagement, from the capture of Nassau early in the Revolution to the magnificent victory over the *Serapis*, apex of his career."

Readers will be sympathetic toward the seldom be-calmed romance between Manesseh Fisher and the beautiful Lady Margaret, daughter of a prominent Tory who is the sworn enemy of John Paul Jones. But Fisher's love affair, although tempest-tossed, is mild when compared to Jones's uninhibited romancing both ashore and afloat. Capt. Walter Karig is the well-known author of many successful books, one of which is the stirring *Battle Report* series. *Don't Tread On Me* gives Capt. Karig the opportunity to express in character his deep-seated knowledge and love for the sea. Exhaustive research, coupled with his authoritative and hard-bitten description of life at sea, should give the author a mast-high rating on the list of best sellers. Capt. Horace V. Bird, USN, a recognized expert on battle tactics under sail, lends further authenticity to Capt. Karig's recreation of the John Paul Jones episode.

Ronald D. Lyons

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE. By Erich Maria Remarque. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. Price $3.95

Had Remarque painted instead of written this story, he would have needed only the color red to depict the seemingly eternal bloodshed and contrasting passion for peace and understanding, as seen and felt by a German GI. During the German retreat from Russia in World War II Ernst Graeber was given an unexpected furlough. He had been pushed through France, seen victory and defeat in Africa and now returned home for a chance to think and justify this war. Here he sees a true picture of the work of the SS and the tortures endured at the home front. In his search for his parents, he meets, falls in love with and marries a schoolmate whose father was placed in a concentration camp. Their brief interlude, warm and apart from the war and surrounding destruction, carries them into a world of their own.

Remarque has spared none of war's gruesomeness and in contrast he has injected the beauty of two lovers clinging to their last refuge together. His time to love over, Graeber returns to the crumbling front at the end of his furlough where he makes his last decision as a soldier and an individual.

For an insight into a melodrama of emotions and a vivid close-up of the decaying German retreat, readers will find this book an authority.

Lucia Schuon

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